New Statesman

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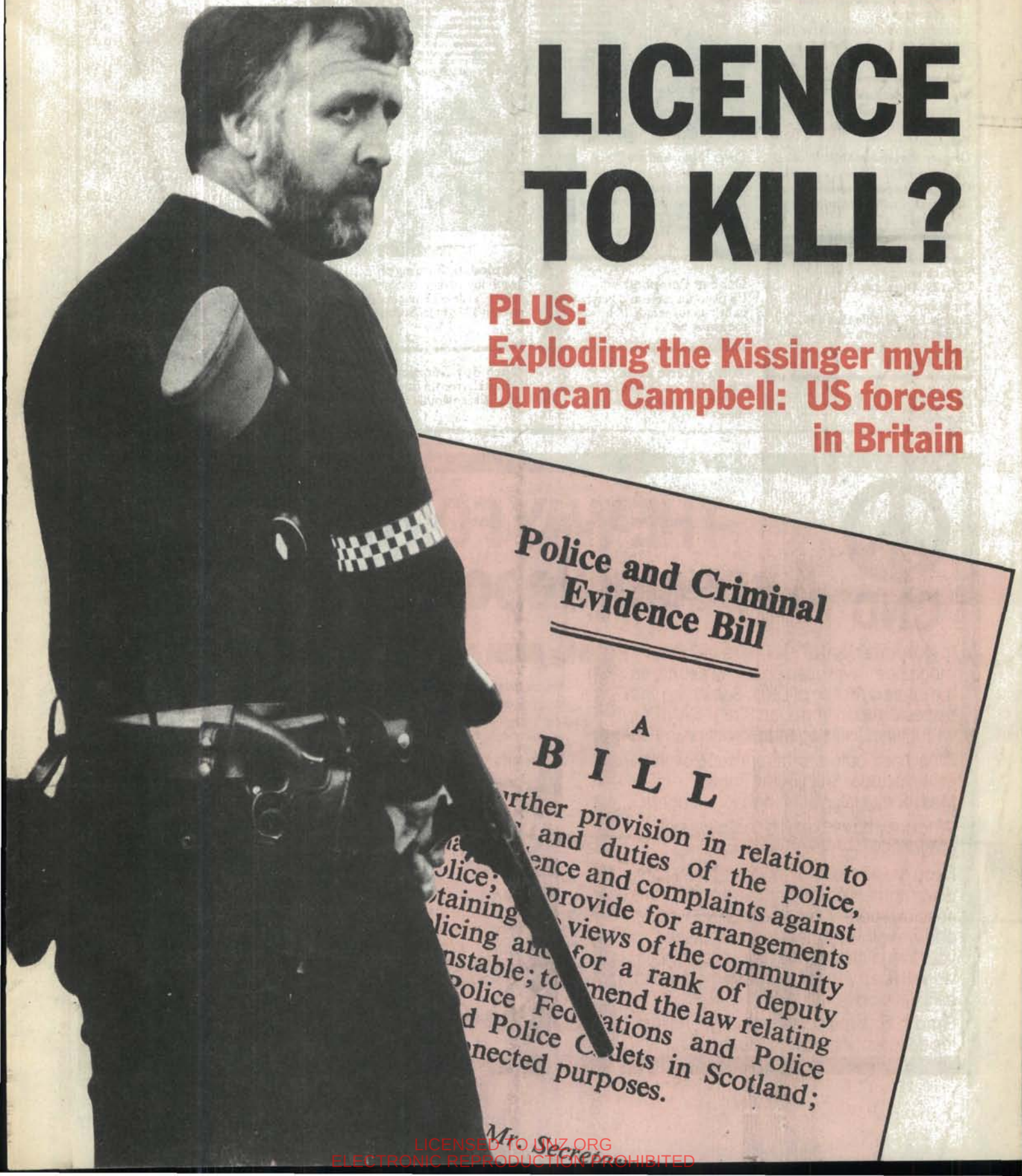
LICENCE TO KILL?

PLUS:
Exploding the Kissinger myth
Duncan Campbell: US forces in Britain



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CND

THE WAY FORWARD: A special Report from SANITY

In November, SANITY – CND's monthly magazine – will open up a vital debate on the future direction of CND. Beginning with a special report from Dan Smith, SANITY will outline CND's agenda for action in 1984.

Other contributors to this special November issue include: Bruce Kent, Zhores Medvedev, Helen John and Paul Rogers.

What they have to say is controversial, provocative — not all easy listening.

If you are concerned about the future of the disarmament campaign, do not miss this special report. Subscribe to SANITY now, and we will send the November issue to you, free of charge. And then each month, we will keep you in touch with the debate, as it develops.

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New Statesman

Vol 106 No 2744 21 October 1983

CND's long march

CND'S MARCH in London this Saturday is the public starting point for the next phase of opposition to the defence policies of the present Tory government. In the period up to June, the focus was on trying to influence the outcome of the general election. The arguments must continue in the face of a government that claims to have a recently endorsed democratic mandate for the deployment of US cruise missiles in the United Kingdom and to press ahead with the next generation of British nuclear weapons.

The argument that 'CND lost the election' and that further extra-parliamentary action against cruise and Trident is, therefore, in some way 'anti-democratic' should be rejected for what it is – a politician's debating point. The only clear statement that the electorate made on 9 June was that it did not want the Labour Party in its then condition to become the government. Such evidence as exists suggests that the majority of the electorate, while not yet unilateralists, are opposed to the deployment of cruise missiles.

It is in any case a complete perversion of the idea of an open society to suggest that those who strongly adhere to a particular policy should (or should be required to) stop advocating it, simply because it is not the policy of a newly-elected government. Those who oppose cruise and Trident failed to set the agenda of the defence debate in the run-up to the general election. The Tory tactic was to polarise the discussion, presenting it as a choice between those who were in favour of more bombs and those who wanted to leave Britain defenceless. To an unhappy extent this deliberate caricature of the issues involved was what settled in the public mind. It must now be the function of CND and all those who oppose what is being done in our name to make sure that the argument is pursued with a new vigour and that the campaign is continued. That is the legitimacy of the march and rally this weekend.

In further developing its role as the vanguard of opposition to nuclear weapons, CND must seek to remain a broad movement. There have been arguments put forward within CND that there must be no watering of the milk of pure unilateralism. But there need be no essential contradiction between the ideal longer term goal and the urgent tactical requirement. That tactical requirement is to oppose the further escalations in the nuclear arms race now being planned by NATO and the Soviet Union and, in the specific context of this country, to continue the campaign against cruise and Trident.

In fact CND can justifiably turn the argument about democratic legitimacy on the government. The fact is that the essential decisions about stationing cruise in this country and about buying new generations of nuclear weapons for Britain were taken in total secrecy by restricted groups of civil servants, the military and senior politicians. At every stage the public has simply been presented with a *fait accompli* and a barrage of propaganda. This time the arguments must be in the open. □

Miskin's mistake

AT LEAST a substantial minority of *New Statesman* readers must by now know the identity of the MP accused by a 37-year-old defendant who is on trial for raping his wife of being featured in 'disgusting' photographs. The whole of Fleet Street knows the name. It would be surprising if any MP had by now not discovered it. The stream of calls we have been getting from the most unlikely quarters, offering to tell us what we already know, suggests that the information is pretty widely broadcast. But if we printed the name here, we should almost certainly be found by Judge Miskin to be in breach of the order that he made on 14 October under the 1981 Contempt of Court Act, during the course of the trial in question at the Old Bailey.

Nevertheless we would have published the name this week, were it not for the fact that the National Union of Journalists has already announced that it intends to challenge the validity of the order as soon as the trial is over. We would have done so on the grounds that Judge Miskin's decision is a serious attack on the proper role of the press in supporting the principle of fair and open public trial. The Contempt Act allows judges to order names to be withheld temporarily where such naming would prejudice that or any other prospective trial; or to be withheld permanently where such naming would harm the administration of justice (for example to protect the names of rape or blackmail victims). But no such considerations would have arisen in this case. Either the accusation against the MP was a preposterous fabrication (in which case it would do no harm), or it was true. In neither case (and it would be contempt of court to say here which we think the more likely) would a fair report of what transpired in the Old Bailey prejudice the trial, or harm the administration of justice.

It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that, with the Tory Party in conference at Blackpool and still reeling from the Parkinson affair, Judge Miskin simply panicked at the prospect of another wave of headlines involving sex and a prominent Tory politician. He would not have made such an order if the person involved had been an ordinary member of the public. In making his order, the judge has set a dangerous precedent which must be reversed at once. □

Next week . . .

- **Wilfred Beckerman** asks 'Is America really rich?'
- **Towards 2000** – Jon Cook reviews Raymond Williams's new book on revitalised socialism

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Union to expel anti-racist campaigners

THIS WEEK four lecturers from Kilburn Polytechnic are awaiting notices expelling them from their union NATFHE (National Association of Teachers in Further and Higher Education). They are the secretary, chairperson, vice-chairperson and ex-treasurer of their local union branch and have been told unofficially by the NATFHE head office that they are to be expelled for conduct 'detrimental to the interests of the association'.

Their expulsions are the latest in a series of measures being taken by the NATFHE leadership against a branch which has consistently taken an anti-racist stand and campaigned on behalf of one of its black members, John Fernandes. Fernandes is the lecturer who last November exposed the extraordinary racism of police cadets, buttressed by training methods at Hendon Police School. The school provides a two-year course for 16-year-old police cadets who are then recruited directly into the force.

John Fernandes was head of the school's multi-cultural unit, a post-Scarman innovation set up in May 1982 run by civilian lecturers employed by the local education authority. Fernandes made a number of attempts to introduce anti-racist concepts into the teaching at Hendon but was blocked at every point. When he designed a course which placed racism in a political and historical framework and discussed institutionalised racism he was told by senior police officers that it was not 'neutral' and that teaching must not focus on the racism of white institutions.

But the police would not budge. Finally, with the help of certain civilian members of staff who were also opposed to Fernandes' methods, they stopped the last part of the multi-cultural course which dealt with practical aspects of racism, replacing it with a 'decision-making' course.

Fernandes appealed to the Academic Board (which consists of staff and management) over what he saw as an issue of academic freedom – his right to design his unit's courses. But the Board refused to support him. Fernandes then resigned as head of the multi-cultural unit, staying on at the police school to teach other lessons. There was an inquiry called for by the Principal and a meeting at which Commander Richard Wells (then Commandant of the Police School, now promoted to Deputy Assistant Commissioner, DAC) and John Fernandes were both present. Fernandes showed Wells the blatantly racist essays written by cadets under the title 'Blacks in Britain'. Wells refused to discuss the matter.

Fernandes then decided with the full support of his union branch (the Kilburn Poly branch) that since he had been prevented from doing anything to combat the racism of the cadets he had no option but to expose it. He appeared on the TV programme *Eastern Eye* on 16 November. On 2 December he was banned from the police school with two hours to leave the premises.

However, since Fernandes was employed by Brent Council and not the police he did not officially lose his job. The Kilburn Poly union branch then began a vigorous campaign for his reinstatement and for support for his stand against police racism and infringement of academic freedom. The campaign quickly drew the support of black groups for whom John Fernandes's case highlighted both police racism and the incompatibility of multiculturalism and anti-racism.

The reaction of the NATFHE National Executive Council (NEC), and the leadership of the Outer London Region (to which Kilburn Poly belonged) was one of disapproval and eventually open hostility. When John Fernandes first approached them for help, the NATFHE NEC blamed him for not following the proper procedures and told him they could not take up the issue of police racism because it did not fit in with their routine casework. This meant, according to John Fernandes, that 'the union saw me and not the police as the problem'.

The NATFHE NEC and Outer London Regional leadership then set to work intervening in a number of aspects of the case. Civilian staff who wanted to withdraw their labour from Hendon over the John Fernandes affair were ordered by the NATFHE NEC not to do so. They were told that this was because their jobs were at stake – although Brent education authority supported their withdrawal and had guaranteed job security. In the end despite the NEC's instructions, ten members of the staff withdrew from Hendon although 16 continued to teach there.

Meanwhile the Regional leadership gave permission to members of staff at Hendon who had always opposed Fernandes to break away and form their own branch without reference to the secretary of the Kilburn Poly branch.

At the same time, the NATFHE NEC set up a police group to look at 'matters relating to the Hendon Police Cadet School'. The report which the 'police group' produced was, according to one of its own members, Apu Bagchi, 'remarkable in being very harsh to John Fernandes and at the same time quite pro-police'. Indeed DAC Wells told me: 'The report had no surprises. It was the result of protracted discussions with me and other senior police officers'.

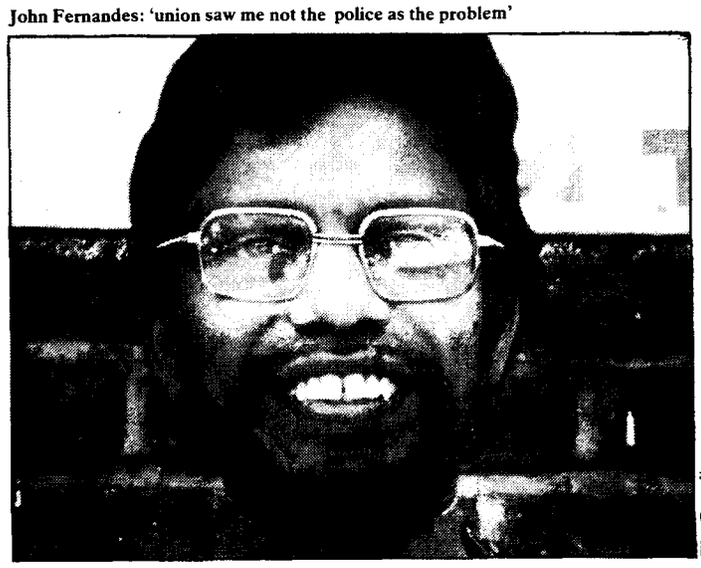
The report did not consider the subject of police racism. It concluded, however, that academic freedom had not been infringed and it recommended that a procedure should be followed if the police wanted to exclude civilian lecturers from the school and that NATFHE should draft such a procedure. Its main conclusion was that John Fernandes's disclosure of the essays 'without any attempt being made to follow the principles set out in the Assocation's guidelines' or to draw them to the attention of civilian staff, police or union officials 'represented a lack of knowledge and a gross misjudgement of what would be acceptable behaviour to the majority of NATFHE members'. As Christine Anketell put it in a letter to the *Guardian*, the report was 'inaccurate (he had in fact shown the essays to the police and his colleagues beforehand), grossly distorted and highly speculative'.

NATFHE's failure to support Fernandes was because, said Margaret Dewey, secretary of the Kilburn Poly branch, 'They do not know what institutionalised racism means and don't believe it exists; also they were frightened because we were taking on the police'. However, Bill Hoad, currently Vice President of NATFHE, assured me that he did know what institutionalised racism was: 'It means racism in institutions, you can get rid of it through equal opportunity policies.' As for Fernandes, Hoad thought 'his actions have not helped the anti-racist movement. But there are a lot of people in NATFHE talking about multi-cultural work in a quiet serious way to the police and the CRE, our "police group" are now involved in police training.'

This is indeed the case; the police have now got total control over courses and staff at Hendon and NATFHE representatives work with them. Those who want their union to fight racism are to be expelled.

Amrit Wilson

John Fernandes: 'union saw me not the police as the problem'



The Guardian

Law Lords pass death sentence

UP TO 50 Londoners have already died as a result of the Law Lords' ruling that the Greater London Council must abandon its cheap fares policy. After cutting bus and tube fares in October 1981 by nearly a third, London Transport later had to double its fares. This led to an increase in private road transport.

The GLC anticipated there would be an extra 3,700 casualties because of the switch from bus and tube to private cars. Now an independent assessment of the figures by Professor Richard Allsop, head of the transport studies group at London's University College, says that the number of actual casualties has been even higher. The study was commissioned from University College by the GLC for £4,000.

Allsop says that the high fares led to between 4,300 and 6,400 extra casualties, an increase of between 7 and 11 per cent. About two-thirds of the extra casualties were drivers or passengers in cars. Roughly one-sixth of the extra casualties, nearly a thousand on Allsop's higher estimate, were cyclists.

Allsop's computer analysis takes into account other factors which

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affect road accidents, such as fare changes in British Rail, the introduction of compulsory seat belts and the weather.

Of the higher estimate of 6,400 casualties, 50 of these were deaths and about 600 were serious injuries. The GLC estimates that the cost to the community of all these accidents, through lost industrial output, for example, adds up to £20 million.

Mick Hamer

Scots may lose only law centre

THE LONG-term future of Scotland's only community law centre, at Castlemilk in Glasgow, is in doubt. Strathclyde Regional councillors and officials have recommended that the centre be funded for only another six months to a year while its role is reviewed. The centre, which completes five years of government funding under the urban aid programme at the end of next March, had hoped for support from the region for at least another two years.

An evaluation report prepared by councillors and officials, and due to go to the region's Community Development Sub-Committee on 10 November, points out that circumstances in Castlemilk have changed since the idea of the law centre was first mooted. New solicitors' offices have opened locally, and the regional council has deployed significant numbers of community development and welfare rights staff in the area. The report concludes that the evaluation raised more questions than answers, but says that it would be 'premature' to arrive at conclusions about the future of the centre.

However, those connected with the centre are very anxious about its future and very critical of the evaluation process so far. An earlier report prepared by an official from the Chief Executive's department was described as 'grossly defective' and attacked for containing strong but vague personal criticisms of the centre's staff. Some of those involved feel that the centre has been attacked and could be at risk because it has made itself unpopular with local Labour politicians and some sections of the local community. Earlier this year it advised a group of tenants participating in a sit-in at the local housing department offices – a role that did not endear it to district councillors and others (see *NS* 29 April 1983).

Senior Strathclyde officials dispute this interpretation, pointing out that it is important to assess and learn from this 'innovative' project. They stress that the council is nowhere near making a decision to close the centre but admit that on this issue 'anxiety levels are high'.

Rob Edwards

MISCELLANY

Private line

Last week's *Sunday Times* was studded with comments attributed to 'the Parkinson camp'. Where is this camp, and who inhabits it? We do not know. What we do know is this. Last Friday the *Sunday Times*'s new editor, Andrew Neil, sent a letter round to Parkinson suggesting that the ex-minister might care to give his side of the story. On Saturday afternoon Parkinson telephoned Neil. The two men had a lengthy conversation. The front page of the paper then carried an article headed 'The Case For Parkinson' which was fairly scathing about Sara Keays. It reported that 'the Parkinson camp' (otherwise known as 'Parkinson's friends') were 'rounding on' the famous mother-to-be. The story included just one quote from the man himself: 'Last night, when Parkinson was told by the *Sunday Times* about friends rallying to his defence, he said: "Any friend who has the interests of me and my family at heart should refrain from any further comment".' No clue was given as to what else Parky had chatted about in his call to the editor. The weather, perhaps?

Playing himself in

On Monday morning, his first day as transport secretary, Nicholas Ridley strode through the doors of the north tower of the Department of the Environment, only to be told that his office was actually in the south tower. When he had found his desk, he held a one-hour meeting with the Association of Metropolitan Authorities, during which his sole contribution was to observe that the Retail Price Index had risen by 70 per cent since 1979. A cautious start. The following day, on *The World At One*, he made so bold as to announce that transport was about the movement of people and goods. This phrase appears at the top of the ministry briefing given to incoming transport secretaries these days. We shall follow his future career with interest.

Sic transit Gloria

More news of Gloria Stewart, the freelance journalist whose 'undercover exposés' of Islington Council and comprehensive schools have been described in our last two issues. We have now unearthed a most interesting tape recording, made earlier this month, in which Ms Stewart discusses the techniques she used while investigating Islington Council: 'I'm not going to operate on any story like this without a big budget . . . You need plenty of money to spend otherwise you can't get the information. That's why I've got the confidential documents out of Islington Council . . . It's simply money, I purchased them.' We rang Ms Stewart to ask her about this apparent admission that she had paid council officials for confidential documents. 'You can make of it what you like, I haven't really got anthing else to say at all,' she replied. When pressed on the matter, she became decidedly threatening: 'If you pursue this you'll have the *Daily Mail*'s lawyers on to you very quickly.' We pointed out that we could produce the tape recording (which she admitted was genuine) as proof. She then decided that she did have something to say after all: 'I'm now retracting it because I didn't pay any council officials.' We're glad to be able to set the record straight.

Meanwhile, our team of undercover investigators, armed with enormous budgets, is looking into other episodes from Ms Stewart's career. Anything connected with Ghana or Libya will be of particular interest. We would also welcome further details about her search for Lord Lucan.

Weapons of happiness

Anyone with a spare three days at the end of November might like to attend a conference in London on 'Defence, Research and Development Contracts', organised by a company called Crown Eagle Communications Ltd. The pleasure will cost you £414 (or £437 if you register after 16 November), not including accommodation, but in return you can hear various former bigwigs from the Ministry of Defence explain how private industry can increase its share of the £7 billion a year now spent on defence equipment. The slogan for this orgy of weapon-talk is 'Bringing Technology to Life'. The irony is not, apparently, intentional.

The Friday alternative

'Look at it another way' says the *Economist*'s advertising campaign, citing several famous occasions when received wisdom was later spectacularly contradicted. The adverts imply that if you had read the *Economist* you would have known, for instance, that Nixon wasn't being candid when he said there would be no whitewash at the White House. In fact, on 21 April 1973 the paper ran a leader headed: 'Nixon decides that honesty is the best policy'. Another case cited by the adverts is Mrs Thatcher's famous assertion that there wouldn't be a female prime minister in her lifetime. However, far from spotting her prime ministerial potential, the *Economist* supported Ted Heath in the leadership contest in 1975, attacking Thatcher's 'economic simplifications and historical distortions' which showed 'how much she still has to learn'. Another advertising gambit is a picture of John DeLorean extolling the financial soundness of his Belfast car operation. But what did the *Economist* say at the time? 'In the short term, DeLorean's prospects look reasonably healthy, despite the sluggish state of the American car market' (15 August 1981).

Last week's *Economist*, which came out the day after Cecil Parkinson's resignaton, reported thus: 'The chief reason Mr Cecil Parkinson is still Her Majesty's secretary of state for trade and industry is that neither Mrs Thatcher nor most of the Conservative Party wanted to part with him. As each surge of applause rolled round Blackpool's Winter Gardens at the mere mention of his name, it was clear that Mr Parkinson was passing the decisive test for a disgraced minister – that of indispensability.' Perhaps the paper could use this in its next advertising campaign.

Colloquial use

Ernest Mandel is organising a Marx Centenary Colloquum, to take place at the University of Brussels on 24-26 November. For the debate on the 26th (Marxism and Contemporary Pacifism) Victor Zagladin, a senior figure on the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party, has accepted an invitation to debate with E. P. Thompson about the peace movement. Also attending are Petra Kelly and a representative of the East German government. It will be a rare chance to debate in public with a Soviet politician, but E. P. Thompson has still not confirmed whether or not he will accept; our information is that he is behaving like the cat i'the adage. Go to it, Edward!

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Missing missiles

AN INFLUENTIAL institute which calls itself an 'independent source of information on military forces' has, at a stroke, increased the size of the Soviet armed forces by 1½ million personnel.

Last week we commented on the omission of a table showing the balance of theatre nuclear forces in Europe from the latest edition of *The Military Balance*, a review of the state of the arms race published by the International Institute for Strategic Studies (IISS). But it is now clear that there are many more inexplicable changes to this publication, widely used by peace campaigners and academics and which is generally considered authoritative.

Last year's *Military Balance* gives the total Soviet armed forces as 3.7 million, whereas the 1983/84 edition gives a total of 5.05 million. A footnote explains that this year's figure 'includes some 1.5 million command and general support troops not otherwise listed'. Such troops have never been included before.

A spokesman for the IISS admitted that 'command and general support' meant 'administrative'. 'You may as well call them civil servants,' he said. But the IISS doesn't count military civil servants in the US total, does it? 'No, we don't. But these are civil servants in uniform.'

The effect of this addition is to change the balance of forces, in terms of personnel, between NATO and the Warsaw Pact. On last year's IISS figures, NATO had an overall total of 5.3 million against Warsaw Pact's 4.8 million. This year the figures are Warsaw Pact 6.2 million, NATO 5.3 million.

The IISS's reputation in the arms race numbers game is also likely to be tarnished by other politically sensitive discrepancies. For example, the latest *Military Balance* gives the figure for US air-launched cruise missiles (ALCMs) as 'some 200' as of July this year. But in the chapter on the US forces it is noted that two B-52 squadrons have been fitted with ALCMs. Official US Defense Department figures, which are readily available, indicate that each squadron has 192 missiles, so the total should be 384 – nearly twice as many as the IISS figure. The IISS spokesperson said their figure was probably based on 'projections' which had been exceeded.

John Rentoul

Lunatics' ideal home

AN OXFORD research fellow, recently imprisoned following a peace demonstration at Upper Heyford, has denied press reports that he thought prison was 'a home from home'.

Dr Donald Mason, a 49-year-old scientist with the Medical Research Council at Oxford University, was interviewed by a local journalist when he was released. But he said stories which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* and *Daily Mirror* gave a distorted account of his comments on conditions in Oxford jail, one of the most overcrowded in Britain.

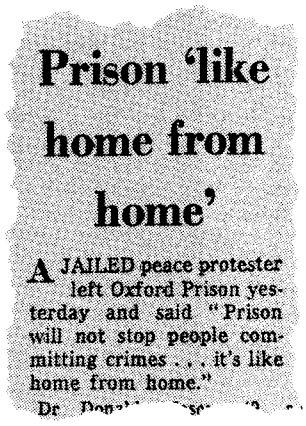
The story, which appeared last month in the *Daily Telegraph* under the headline 'Prison like home from home', quoted Dr Mason as saying that 'prison will not stop people committing crimes . . . it's like home from home'. Dr Mason was also quoted in the *Daily Mirror* as saying that he intended to warn the Home Secretary that prisons like Oxford would not cure crime. Dr Mason denies making any such statement.

Magistrates at Bicester gave Dr Mason a conditional discharge after convicting him of wilfully obstructing the highway during a peace protest at the USAF base, Upper Heyford. Dr Mason, married with four children, went to prison rather than paying the prosecution costs of the hearing. He was released for good behaviour after seven days.

'I was shut in my 13ft by 7ft cell with another inmate for 23 hours a day and only a lunatic would describe that as a home from home,' he said. Dr Mason has written to the governor of Oxford prison saying that the *Daily Telegraph* report was erroneous. He has a also protested to the *Daily Telegraph* which last week wrote to say that it would be 'inappropriate to revive this matter, which people will have forgotten about.'

Dr Mason is now considering writing to the Press Council although he fears that publicity surrounding his case may obscure the real reasons for his imprisonment: 'for protesting against the fact that £44 million a day is spent on armaments while thousands are dying of starvation.'

David Leppard



Prison 'like home from home'

A JAILED peace protester left Oxford Prison yesterday and said "Prison will not stop people committing crimes . . . it's like home from home."

Dr [illegible]

Daily Telegraph, 24 September 1983

Where Rumpole may not tread

THE CASE for legal representation for prisoners facing charges before the internal Board of Visitors hearings has been fully argued in court for the first time.

A judicial review hearing in the Divisional Court in the case of three Wormwood Scrubs prisoners – Chris Clarke, Jimmy Anderson, Tommy Tangney – and two Albany prisoners – Roy Leyland and Jimmy Tarrant – ended after four days on Tuesday, 18 October. The crux of the case was that prisoners are entitled either as of right, or at the discretion of the Board of Visitors, to legal representation. Legal representation has never been allowed in these internal hearings despite the fact that there is no rule or regulation which forbids it.

Counsel appearing for the Board of Visitors, Simon Brown, argued that it was 'ancient usage' that legal representation was not allowed and that to allow legal representation would create chaos in the internal disciplinary system in the prisons. Three counsel appearing for the prisoners – Stephen Sedley, Edward Fitzgerald and Andrew Collins – argued that there was certainly a discretion to allow legal representation. 'Ancient usage' could hardly be applied to a system which only dates back to 1952.

If the court rules that there is a discretion to allow legal representation, it will mark a major advance in prisoners' rights in internal proceedings and subject prison officers to far more rigorous questioning.

The character of the proceedings was roundly attacked in court. In the case of Roy Leyland it was argued that he was unreasonably denied direct cross-examination, or the right to call important witnesses and that the conduct of the hearing was unfair. Similar points were alleged in the hearings of Tarrant, Tangney and Clarke.

Stephen Sedley, in his closing remarks, described some of the evidence about the conduct of the hearings as showing a 'lurch between tragedy and farce, or between *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Rumpole of the Bailey*.'

The judges, Lord Justices Webster and Kerr, indicated that their judgement would be given within three or four weeks.

Of the five prisoners involved in the case, Tommy Tangney was placed on seven days' solitary confinement three days before the hearing began; Jimmy Anderson was transferred to Wandsworth two weeks before and denied all privileges; and Roy Leyland was transferred from Lewes to Parkhurst on Monday 10 October, half an hour before his solicitor arrived for a prearranged appointment at Lewes prison. The Home Office described this as an 'error'.

Terry O'Halloran

Limp excuse for drug

THERE ARE two good reasons why the advertisement reproduced (above) should not raise a laugh. Andriol, which is marketed under the trade name Restandol in the UK, where it is available on prescription only, is a testosterone preparation. As such, it is of use to patients who have been castrated, or have had their pituitary glands removed.

It is of no use for the bedtime problems depicted in the advert. Furthermore, there is a link between prolonged doses of synthetic testosterone and liver tumours. Other side-effects include putting on weight and restriction of sperm production.

The drug is produced by a Dutch company, Organon, who have a British branch. In 1981, they were discovered to be the company promoting a raspberry-flavoured anabolic steroid to promote growth in Bangladeshi children. Anabolic steroids can actually stunt growth in children. They also cause liver damage, and can lead to irreversible sex changes in girls.

Andriol is being promoted in the East African market. The advert appeared in the July edition of *Post Graduate Doctor – Africa*. It will be noted that it claims that the drug is both safe and effective, although a member of the Committee of the Safety of Medicines in Britain, Professor Mike Rawlins, says: 'The vast majority of patients about whom this advertisement is directed can gain no benefit from the product, and they will be exposed to potential harm.'

The company say they have now withdrawn the advert, but are still defending it. Their UK marketing manager, Mr Dick Slack (sic), said: 'The advertisement says "can" not "will". It is medically perfectly reasonable.'

John Hatton

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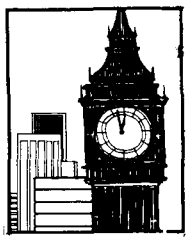

PETER KELLNER, Political Editor

Time for Labour to wipe the slates clean

THERE ARE some people who believe that the only voting system worthy of the name is our present first-past-the-post system and that to change it would be to betray our heritage, threaten our civilisation and generally to sell out to the forces of darkness, aka the Social Democrats.

There are others, mostly Social Democrats, who regard electoral reform as the solution to all our problems. You want growth without inflation? Proportional representation will make it happen. You hanker for world peace? Give everyone from Neasden to Nicaragua the single transferable vote and it will be assured.

At intermittent intervals this column has ploughed a lonely furrow by arguing that it is *not* a moral issue, that there is no such thing as a perfect and universally applicable voting system and that the 'best' system for any given election is inevitably a pragmatic choice among options with varying advantages and disadvantages. From this flows my heretical belief that different elections warrant different election systems. Just because I am about to argue for reform for internal Labour Party elections, it should not be taken that I am grooming a stalking horse for PR for Westminster. Indeed, as I shall argue a little later, the special qualities that make the single transferable vote wholly sensible for elections to Labour's national executive and shadow cabinet make the same system inappropriate for Parliament as a whole.

At present Labour uses two main systems for internal elections. It employs exhaustive ballots to select its leader, deputy leader, chief whip and (at constituency level) parliamentary candidates: elections for each of these positions continue until the winner can claim the support of at least 50 per cent of those voting. But for elections to Labour's national executive and shadow cabinet, a sort of first-past-the-post is used. In the women's section of the NEC, it is the first five past the post; in the constituency section it is the first seven past the post; in next week's shadow cabinet elections it will be the first 15 past the post.

For reasons which could be explained if I had the space and you had the patience, this first-so-many-past-the-post system can lead to odd results. For example, it is possible for a candidate to have majority support and still lose. It happened in the women's section of the NEC this month: nine candidates competed for five places, and Judith Hart lost her place (she came sixth) despite securing 52 per cent of the votes cast. A similar fate befell Denis Howell in the trade union section.

On other occasions, it is possible for someone whom a majority actively dislike also to get elected. Normally an MP requires the votes of only about one third of his or her colleagues to gain election to the shadow cabinet.

The point about anomalies like these is not so much the fact that they exist – all election systems have quirks – but that they give rise to particular forms of election activity. First-past-the-post is, above all, a system designed to create the maximum cohesion *within* groups and the maximum differentiation *between* groups. In parliamentary elections those groups are called parties. But in Labour's NEC and shadow cabinet elections, the groups are called slates. In both cases great electoral advantage accrues to the group – whether party or slate – that is best organised.

THE MAIN purpose of changing Labour's NEC and shadow cabinet election system would be to end the tyranny of the slate. If the single transferable vote (STV) were introduced, the power of organised factions would not wholly disappear, but it would be far less than it is today. Instead, the results of each election would far more accurately reflect the range of views (about people and ideas) of those voting. For example, if Labour MPs are divided roughly 50 per cent Right, 25 per cent inside left and 25 per cent far left, then STV would ensure a shadow cabinet made up in roughly those proportions.

Under the present system, the far left Campaign Group may fail to secure a single place on the shadow cabinet next week – for precisely the same reason that the centre-right is unable to win a single place in the constituency section of the NEC: the electoral system not only encourages the creation of factions and slates; it over-rewards factions that gain the upper hand, and ruthlessly penalises factions with only minority appeal. STV would ensure the election of Michael Meacher (and in recent years Tony Benn) to the shadow cabinet – and of Jack Ashley and Gerald Kaufman to the NEC.

Apart from a decline of the power of factions, two practical consequences would follow from such a reform. The first is that the shadow cabinet, in particular, would command an authority among Labour MPs that it presently lacks. At the moment Campaign Group left-wingers are excluded from membership, with the result that they – with some justice – regard themselves as an opposition within an opposition. A shadow cabinet elected by a system that ensured the representation of all wings of the party would have a chance of bringing all but the most uncompromising left-winger in from the cold.

The second consequence would be some degree of stability year-by-year in NEC and shadow cabinet elections. Substantial swings between Left and Right in the elections would only occur when there were substantial swings in the attitudes of MPs, unions and conference delegates – not, as now, when one faction becomes better organised and another splits.

At root, the point about STV is not just that it promotes 'fairness', but that it encourages consensus. Within a party, and especially within the Labour Party as it struggles to exorcise the ghost of 9 June, consensus in something that badly needs encouraging.

Unfortunately, there are two compelling reasons why the prospects of Labour adopting STV internally are, to say the least, remote. The first is inertia. (Kellner's law, readers may recall, states that organisations cannot do to themselves what they try to do to others: the Labour Party, which advocates radical reform of great swathes of our national life, is deeply reluctant to transform itself.)

The second reason why it would take very long odds to persuade me to bet on STV being implemented within the next decade, even if almost everyone accepted the logic of the argument, is the taunt: 'If it's good enough for Labour Party elections, it's good enough for parliamentary elections.' As long as the debate about electoral reforms is polarised between rival enthusiasts, there is no answer to that. Only by acknowledging that different circumstances justify different systems can the case for STV for *some* elections be made.

However, once we accept that what is sauce for the goose may be poison for the gander, the case for limited STV is easy to sustain. In so far as general elections are about choosing governments, they are about deciding between winners and losers. There is nothing dishonourable or undemocratic about advocating an electoral system that clarifies that choice, as does first-past-the-post. Unfairness to parties like the Liberals and Social Democrats is the price we pay for that clarity of choice.

Equally, it is wholly reasonable to argue that internal party elections should *not* be designed to give all the prizes to one faction and all the wooden spoons to the others. Indeed, for anyone who shares the belief that large, broadly-based parties should be the main political units in a modern democracy, then the case for mixing voting systems, far from being perverse, becomes overwhelming. □

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Licensed to kill

Next week the highly controversial Police Bill will be introduced again, slightly amended. In the wake of the decisions on the Stephen Waldorf case, Louise Christian looks at the legal basis for current and proposed police powers

A MONTH AGO in what was presented as a monumental miscarriage of justice, a burglar who had been accidentally shot while making off with his ill-gotten gains was awarded compensation for his injury. While running from the house of an elderly woman, carrying her cash box, Anthony Sharpe was hit by a bullet fired in warning by William Greenwood, the old woman's neighbour. Judge Edwin Jowitt, awarding £512 damages to Mr Sharpe, ruled that, although anyone was entitled to use 'reasonable force' to stop a thief, 'it is quite plain that it is going beyond reasonable force to fire live shots from a revolver.' Mr Greenwood remarked sourly: 'If I saw the same thing happening again I'd help the burglar carry away his loot.'

Was Judge Jowitt preserving the rule of law and order – or penalising civilians for asserting their authority in order to enhance the powers of the police? The principle on which those powers are currently based has also been at the heart of the trial of two detectives accused of attempting to murder Stephen Waldorf, and of the inquest, due to start next month, into the death of James Davey, who died in a struggle in a police station in Coventry in March 1983. Whatever the outcome of those investigations, the powers of the police are likely to be hugely altered by the reintroduced Police and Criminal Evidence Bill.

Until now, the legal theory of police power has been based on the notion of 'policing by consent'. In 1929, a Royal Commission on the Police stated:

> The police of this country have never been recognised either in law or by tradition as a force distinct from the general body of citizens. Despite the imposition of many extraneous duties on the police by legislation or administrative action, the principle remains that a policeman in the view of the common law is only a person paid to perform, as a matter of duty, acts which if he were so minded he might have done voluntarily . . . Indeed a policeman possesses few powers not enjoyed by the ordinary citizen and public opinion, expressed in Parliament and elsewhere, has shown great jealousy of any attempts to give increased authority to the police. This attitude is due we believe not to any distrust of the police as a body, but to an instinctive feeling that, as a matter of principle, they should have as few powers as possible which are not possessed by the ordinary citizen and that their authority should rest on the broad basis of the consent and active co-operation of all law-abiding people.

Since 1929, governments have become successfuly less 'jealous' of police power. Specific new powers of arrest, entry and seizure have been given to the police in successive Acts of Parliament. Thus police historians and textbooks on constitutional law began some time ago to mention, in a vaguely apologetic manner, that the notion of 'citizen in uniform' no longer applies.

Nevertheless, the law as it exists at present gives to a police officer no more power than that given to every other citizen to use force against a person:

> A person may use force as is reasonable in the circumstances in the prevention of crime or in effecting or assisting in the lawful arrest of offenders or suspected offenders or of persons unlawfully at large (S3 Criminal Law Act 1967).

The question of what is 'reasonable' is extremely fraught. To date it has not been dealt with in any detail in English courts and, in one case, it was simply said that: 'In the circumstances one did not use a jewellers' scales to measure reasonable force' (Reed v. Wastie, 1972).

The Seventh Report of the Criminal Law Revision Committee, which recommended the existing statutory provision, stated that, in determining what force was reasonable, the court would take into account:

- the nature and degree of the force used
- the seriousness of the end to be prevented
- the possibility of preventing it by other means

Such principles are very general and no particular forms of force were outlawed. This is not so in the United States. The arm grip with which it was reported that James Davey was restrained by police is believed to have been banned there.

How the *Mirror* (above) and *Mail* (below) reported the shooting of a burglar, 30 September 1983

A GOOD neighbour who accidentally shot a burglar was ordered to pay him £512 damages yesterday.

William Greenwood wounded the fleeing raider in the thigh when a warning bullet from his pistol ricocheted off a path.

But yesterday a judge said his have-a-go heroics were "foolhardy" and

HERO: Greenwood

BURGLAR: Sharpe

'If I saw the same thing happening again, I would help the burglar carry away his loot'

Man who shot thief must pay him £500

A MAN who accidentally shot a burglar was ordered to pay him £512 damages yesterday.

Heart attack victim William Greenwood, 56, fired warning shots when he saw two burglars running away from the home of a defenceless 81-year-old woman neighbour with their loot.

One of the bullets from his revolver

Heart victim Mr Greenwood . . . his warning shot ricocheted

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The official guidelines on the use of firearms, revised by the Home Secretary in March 1983, merely reassert that 'only the minimum force in the circumstances must be used. The degree of force justified will vary according to the circumstances of each case'.

The guidelines are not, however, legally binding – as was revealed when James Anderton, Chief Constable of Manchester, made controversial statements in April about the routine arming of the Manchester police force.

It is not clear from the law whether a police officer is entitled to shoot an escaping fugitive, and, if so, in what circumstances. The main principle that textbooks seem to agree on is that the degree of force necessary to effect the arrest of an offender would have to be balanced against the likely harm of the offender staying free. Under existing law, the criteria apply not just to police officers but to all citizens. Thus, if a police officer shoots and kills a person, it can only be justified if it would have been justifiable for anybody to have done the same.

Chief Superintendent Colin Greenwood, a senior officer in the West Yorkshire Police Force, has argued that it would be 'reasonable' in some circumstances for a police officer to shoot an escaping person in the back. He cites as examples in his book *Police Tactics in Armed Operations* (Paladin Press, 1979), an escaping terrorist and an armed robber:

> The problem really reduces itself to the balancing of two evils. For a police officer to kill is an evil which society must be reluctant to accept; but it would be an even greater evil for a police officer to allow liberty to a man whom he knew to be a serious danger to society, a man whom he believed to be likely to cause death or grievous bodily harm to those members of the public whom the police are bound to protect.

IN THE POLICE view of their duties, once they have decided to use firearms, it is preferable to shoot to kill than to shoot to wound. Greenwood argued that, as any form of shooting was a last resort, officers should simply shoot to stop, and any resultant death would receive a verdict of 'justifiable homicide'. At an inquest into a shooting by police in 1979, the Deputy Chief Constable of Essex, Barry Price, had told the jury:

> The policy cannot be to wound or maim . . . a policy of shooting to wing or wound is extremely dangerous and it will be a sorry day for this country if it is ever introduced.

By contrast, under their firearms training, police officers in Sweden are penalised for aiming to kill.

It is clear that Greenwood believes that police have special powers because they have special duties to 'protect society'. They can exercise special powers because they have special professional expertise, allowing them to assess how dangerous the offender is. His arguments against the inconvenient image of the citizen in uniform are likely to be enshrined in the Police and Criminal Evidence Bill when its amended form is re-presented to Parliament. It gives to a police constable the specific power to use 'reasonable force if necessary' both in carrying out a stop-and-search and in detaining a person for that purpose.

PA

Syndication International

Stephen Waldorf's bullet-ridden Mini and (inset) James Davey, who died after being 'restrained' by Coventry police

Thus the use of force would not be confined to the prevention of a specific crime, or catching an offender. It would be merely an addendum to special coercive powers given to the police. It seems clear that the phrase 'if necessary' does not mean that the powers should be used only if the person stopped is resisting. Indeed, the previous minister responsible, Patrick Mayhew, said that forcible 'frisking' may be necessary even when there is no resistance.

Police will also be allowed, under the Police Bill, to carry out strip searches and 'intimate searches' – a new power to search the vaginas and anuses of suspects – against the will of the person being searched, as well as to take fingerprints and body samples. These new provisions could make it legal for police officers to assault suspects, an objection which the Law Society has raised.

In Northern Ireland, the law regarding police use of force has fallen into almost complete disrepute – there, there is even less public consent than here to the existing form of police authority. In law, the Royal Ulster Constabulary is governed by the same Criminal Law Act of 1967. But, as *State Research* pointed out in 1981:

> the constitutional and political basis of the police in Northern Ireland has always been different to that of the police in Britain. While British police forces have grown up within the traditions of local accountability, community consent and political independence, the RUC comes from an imposed and sectarian tradition.

In West Germany, where there have also been complaints of shootings by the police, a law similar to the Criminal Law Act 1967 was extended by a 1975 Federal High Court decision to include a right to 'the use of firearms for the purpose of recapturing a criminal in flight' if the criminal constituted 'a not inconsiderable danger to the public'. The shooting in the back of an unarmed 17-year-old youth who was a persistent petty thief was held to be justified 'in view of the danger to the community presented by this young criminal. The fact that a risk of killing was present did not make the firing of a careful shot at the fugitive's leg wrong.'

In England, relatively few shots are actually fired by the police. In the three years 1980-82 the Met fired 44 shots and injured six people. But police increasingly draw their guns from the holster. The issue of firearms to police is already very high, especially to the Met. During the last three years, the Met have authorised an average of 17 per cent of their officers to use firearms. In 1981 this amounted to 4,274, from an establishment of 25,161. In the same period, over 500 officers have been trained annually in the use of revolvers alone.

Police are far more likely, in Britain, to carry guns than are criminals. In 1981, police recorded that criminals in London carried guns, either to attack individuals or stage robberies, on 2,164 occasions in 1981. But guns were issued to London police on 4,983 occasions in 1981. This did not include the guns worn regularly by the specialist bodyguard units. And detectives in the Met carry guns even more often than the uniformed police.

This gradual adoption by the police of unique powers to use force has caused little concern within the police and penal establishment. An Oxford prison governor, James Horsfall, recently suggested that police officers should 'duff up' criminals. Given how coldly 'have-a-go' citizens are regarded by police and judiciary if they hurt an offender, it is quite clear that what is at stake is less the catching and disciplining of criminals than the authority and power of the police themselves. This is why a last effort should be made to preserve the ancient principle that the police officer is a citizen in uniform. □

This article is based on a chapter from the book The Police and Criminal Evidence Bill: Policing by Coercion *by Louise Christian, to be published next month by the GLC and distributed by Pluto Press. The opinions expressed here do not necessarily reflect those of the GLC.*

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EDUCATION

Mad axemen

Maurice Kogan picks through the mess of a government cost-cutting spree

HIGHER EDUCATION has no claim to be regarded as sacred – there are many who could contribute to a list of desirable changes. Nor could any democrat dispute the right of ministers radically to change any part of our publicly provided institutions should they think fit. But the public, particularly those parts of it directly affected by higher education, are at least entitled to expect ministers to have some notion of the effects of their actions. This has palpably not been the case in the reductions which the two most recent Secretaries of State have visited upon British higher education.

Ministers claimed that they were cutting higher education in order to save money. But they could not know the cost of making cuts. One estimate of the cost of buying out the 6,000 or so university staff to meet the new scale of grants from the University Grants Committee (UGC) was £250 million. In the event, after long haggling, the government approved schemes that will cost the Exchequer £130 million in one-off payments. But that is not the end of the matter. There are uncertain figures for the reduction of staff in non-university institutions (these will not be compensated as highly as the dons) and for the cost of compensating the pension funds which will be overloaded as a result of early retirement.

The total one-off cost of reducing the system might be as much as £400 million. But we cannot be certain. Ministers certainly had no idea when they embarked on their 'savings'. Moreover, while higher education teachers are being put into early and expensive retirement, the government is compensating by finding, over three years, £100 million for 'new blood'. This is to provide for at least some posts in the very subjects the UGC was expected to cull.

A further consequence of the imposed cuts will be an unpredicted, probably unintended, shift in the boundary between universities and the rest of higher education. The UGC, following government dictats, cut about 20,000 home places (depending on the year base chosen) from the universities. Immediately, the polytechnics and other colleges were swamped with able youngsters seeking places. But, while the UGC controlled university admission numbers, the DES found itself incapable of controlling the flow to polytechnics. It cut the 'pool' of expenditure on which polytechnics draw, but local authorities could simply make up the cost from the rates. Neither the DES nor local authorities could stop students claiming grants once admitted and the DES has had to seek over £80 million over two years in supplementary estimates for its contribution towards student awards.

It could not have been the government's intention to invoke this additional expenditure, or to allow the cuts in university places to be compensated for in this way. It has, however, made a virtue of necessity. Ministers now proudly declare that the cuts have not really been cuts at all.

THEN THERE IS the business of the government's relationship with the UGC itself. Government was blithely unconcerned with the effects of its decisions on student opportunity.

It had left it to the eminent academics on the UGC to make the crucial choice between preserving, as far as possible, 'the unit of resource' (the amount allowed for each student) which would enable research to continue at nearly the same level as before, or reducing the unit of resource in order to preserve student numbers. This decision had to be made at a time when a peak number of candidates was coming through the system.

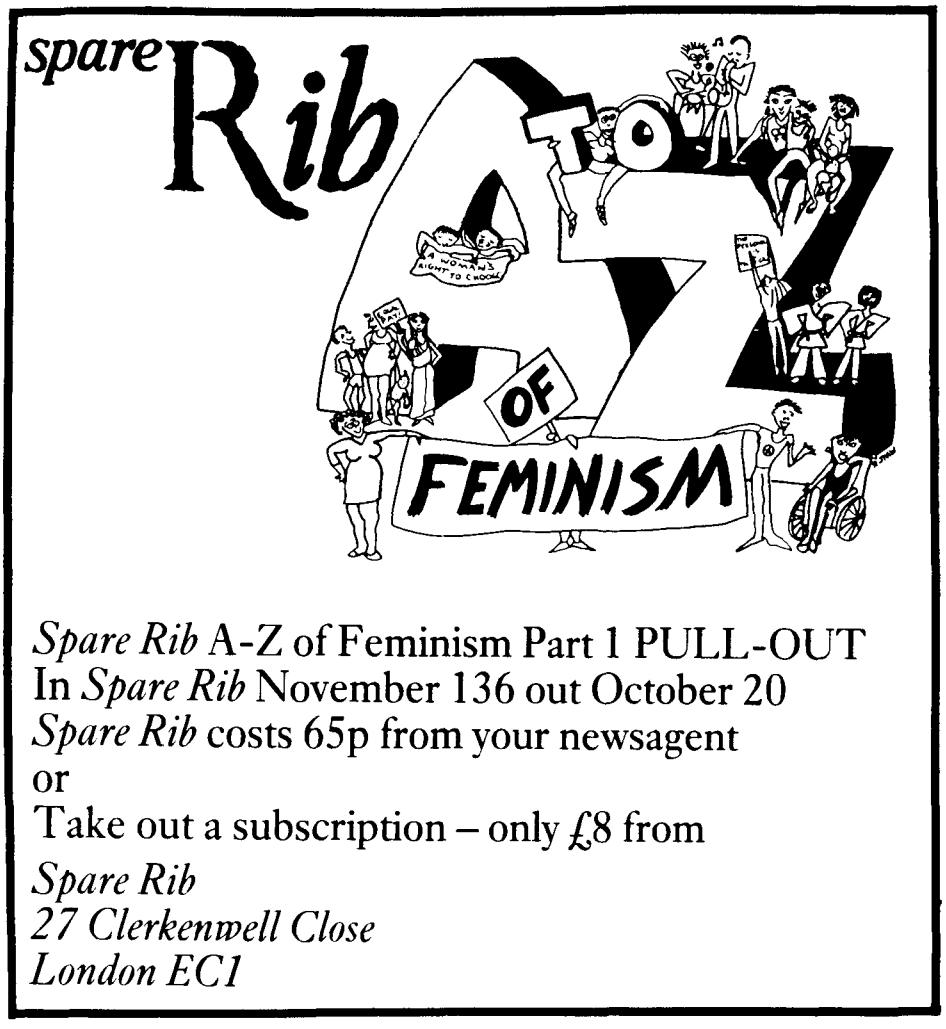
The UGC, wrongly in my view, decided to protect the unit of resource, even though that concept is hardly operable outside the high-cost laboratory subjects. Now, in a letter to the Chairman of the UGC, sent on 1 September, Sir Keith Joseph has intervened. He invites the Committee to consider a 15 per cent reduction in unit costs by the early 1990s. The effect, of course, will be rather too late to give places to those who are losing them now.

It is thus uncertain whether the policy saved money – and, if so, how much. The polytechnics, far from reinforcing their role of recruiting adults and part-time students, will have to concentrate more on bright young school leavers who have just failed to find places in universities. Good university departments have been closed, while departments in other institutions are retained.

Any of these policies is open to debate on its merits. What is especially odd, however, is to see a government so strenuously committed to businesslike methods progressing on the basis of serendipity, rather than rational forecasting and planning. It could have waited to reduce the system to allow the enhanced age group to go through it. It could have coordinated its reductions in universities with those in other institutions.

It began with the simple intention of saving money. But, as it became conscious of its own power to change the system without disastrous political consequences, it moved from opportunistic stage to opportunistic stage of a policy that will certainly cost higher education its power to attract able young people, while reducing its confidence to promote science, or its ability to tackle the enormous reservoir of undereducation in the population as a whole. □

Maurice Kogan has just published, with David Kogan, The Attack on Higher Education, *Kogan Page, £3.95 and £7.95.*



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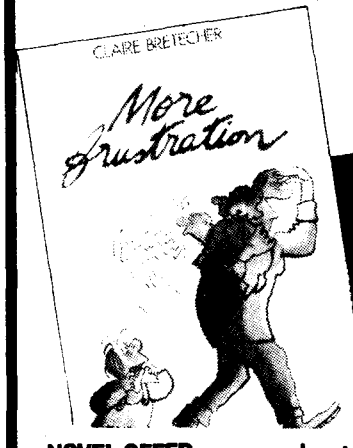

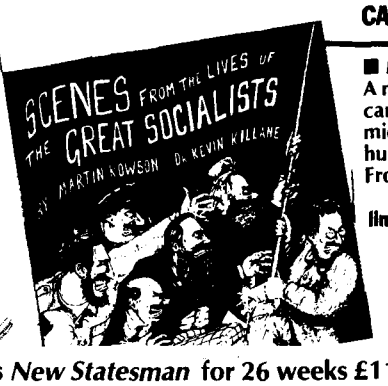

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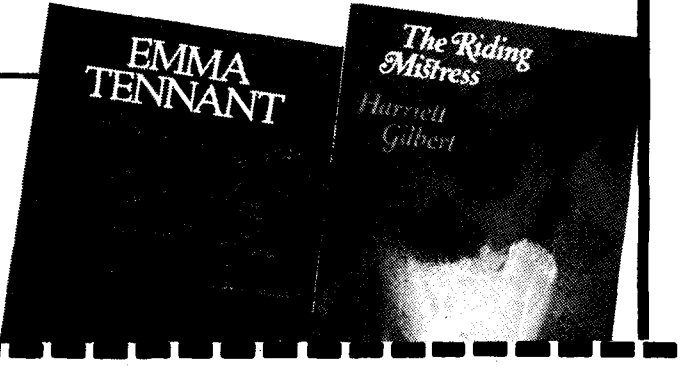

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US MILITARY

Bases build-up

US plans for Britain include 8,000 hospital beds, for war use only, reports Duncan Campbell

WHILE EVERYONE waits expectantly for the arrival of the first ground-launched cruise missiles at Greenham Common, US officials are seeking final approval for plans that would expand US military forces in Britain to a level unknown for 30 years. Between now and 1988, according to the proposed 1984 US defence budget now being considered by the Congress, hundreds of millions of dollars will be spent on new bases, facilities, aircraft and war stockpiles throughout Britain.

Three of these developments are particularly controversial. There is to be a new £300 million network of at least fifteen 'standby hospitals', to be used only by US service personnel in wartime. New projects planned for the US Poseidon submarine base at the Holy Loch indicate that, instead of withdrawing from the base as new, longer range Trident submarines come into service, the US Navy is now likely to stay in Scotland for the foreseeable future. The US military construction budget for 1984 also reveals that a third British site – Alconbury, near Huntingdon – is to be a cruise missile support base. None of these plans have yet been disclosed or announced by the Ministry of Defence, or by US officials in Britain.

According to these officials, the level of US Air Force personnel in the UK has now reached 27,600 (including 1,400 British civilian employees). This now matches its size in 1953, at the outset of the Cold War. Total US military personnel in Britain are now more than 30,000. During the next two years, an additional 2,000 or more USAF personnel will be needed to maintain and operate new aircraft and support bases.

New developments planned in Britain for 1984 and 1985 have been agreed in principle by the US Congress. Final approval for these 1984 Defense Appropriations will be given in the next three or four weeks. Work on the new bases can then begin.

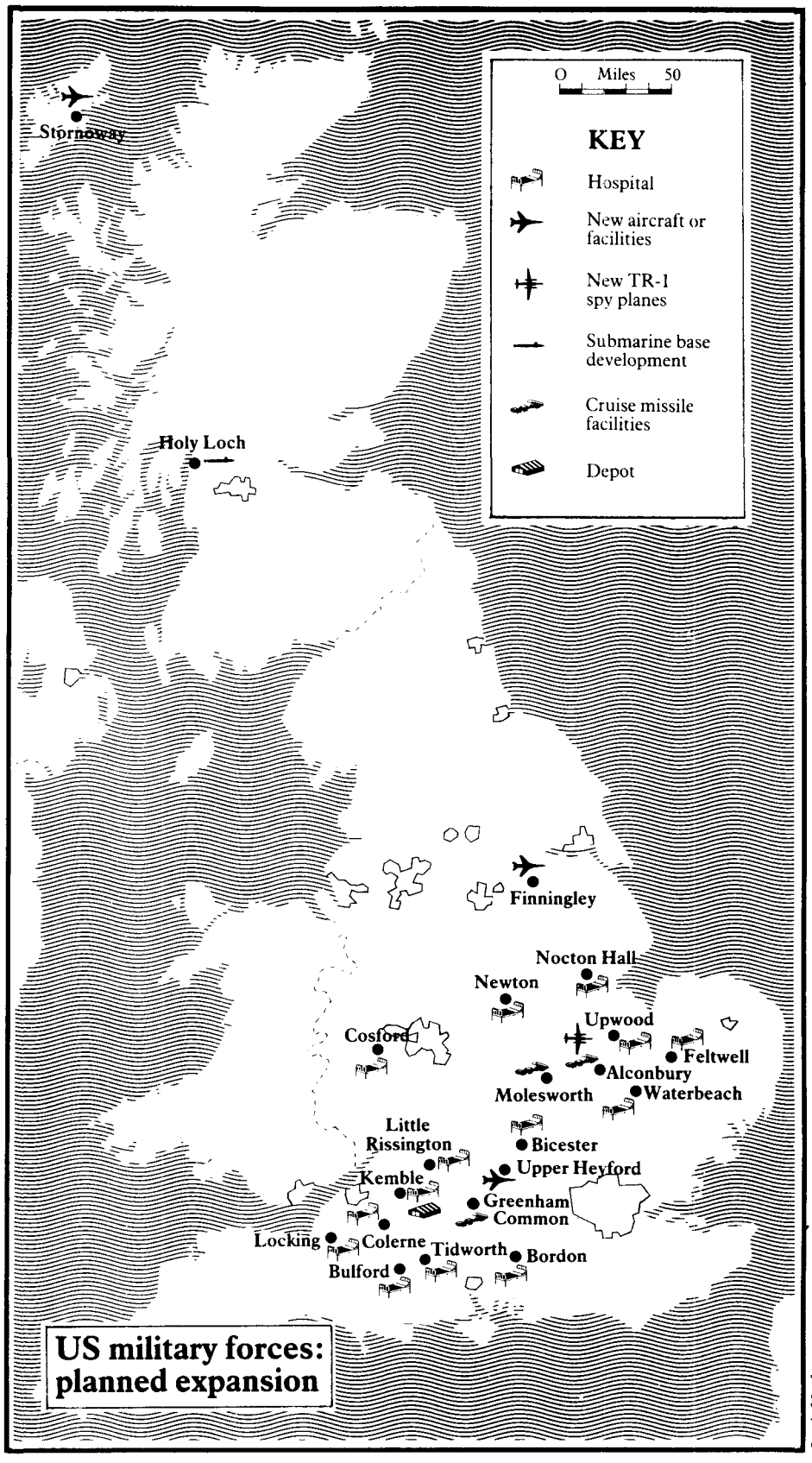
The war-only hospitals are needed, because US military planners are now preparing for a protracted war in Europe, which would rapidly exhaust existing US medical facilities. In applying for funds, US government officials explained that:

> The government of Great Britain is not capable of providing medical support for the estimated number of casualties which would be incurred in a European war.

Each of the new hospitals will have 500 beds and is likely to cost $32 million (about £20 million). The equipment and facilities will be stockpiled. A second 500-bed unit is to be installed at Little Rissington USAF hospital in Gloucestershire as an 'aeromedical staging unit', making a total of 8,000 new hospital beds, all to be kept in mothballs. Other new hospitals are to be built in Spain, Portugal, West Germany and Italy – but the largest number are destined for the UK.

Plans for the first two US wartime hospitals, at Little Rissington, Gloucestershire, and Locking, near Weston-super-Mare, have previously been disclosed in the *New Statesman*. The full new network now planned (see map) includes:

- US Air Force: Little Rissington (built); Upwood (under construction); Bicester; Nocton Hall; Kemble; Bordon; Newton; Waterbeach; Feltwell.
- US Army: Cosford; Colerne; Bulford; Tidworth.
- US Navy: Locking; second location agreed with the British government, but site



US military forces: planned expansion

Louis Mackay

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unknown – more may follow.
The cost of the entire network has not been published, but figures have been given for the cost of the 'prepositioned fleet hospital' at Locking, which will cost $32 million – $6 million for conversion of the site, and $26 million for stockpiled medical equipment, operating theatres and drugs.

The US Navy has also confirmed that it wants to stay on at the missile submarine base on the Holy Loch 'at least until the end of the century', by applying for nearly $10 million to construct a new 300-foot long pier, loading dock and storage warehouses at Sandbank, a small village in the Loch. This will enable US Navy cargo ships, called Taks, to bring supplies direct to the Holy Loch. At present the transports have to unload at Fairlie, an anchorage on the south of the Clyde, requiring a journey by sea or by road through Glasgow to reach the Holy Loch. The US Navy prepared plans to withdraw from the Holy Loch in 1975 and has already withdrawn from its two other overseas submarine bases at Guam in the Pacific and Rota in Spain. But it is now sitting tight in Scotland.

Other projects revealed in the 1984 US Defense Budget include (see map):

- RAF Alconbury to be designated a cruise missile support base and 'beddown location' for the missiles that will be sited nearby at Molesworth. The cruise support facilities will cost $15 million. Alconbury is also the home for a new TR-1 spy plane squadron for high altitude reconnaissance and electronic surveillance in Europe, which is now being built up. More than 1,300 new USAF personnel are being deployed at Alconbury.
- RAF Finningley, near Scunthorpe, to be a US Collocated Operating Base. New ammunition, fuel dumps and shelters are planned at a cost of nearly $12 million. In war, Finningley would be used by US Air Force Phantom fighters normally based in the United States.
- Kemble, Gloucestershire is already being extensively developed as a maintenance depot. It has now also been chosen as the site for the new USAF European Distribution System warehouse, which is to hold aircraft spares for wartime use. This project was originally planned to go to Prestwick, but was moved after a public row. In May, the Ministry of Defence proposed lengthening the runway at Kemble to accommodate the new US requirements.
- A $6.5 million extension to the Electronic Security Centre at the electronic intelligence base at Chicksands, near Bedford. According to the congressional testimony, intelligence 'information gathered (at Chicksands) is not shared with NATO nations'.
- At Upper Heyford, preparations are now being made to support the new '42nd Electronic Combat Squadron' of 12 EF-111 high-powered jamming aircraft. The jammers would help the existing F-111 bombers at Lakenheath and Upper Heyford to jam air defence and missile radars in Eastern Europe during nuclear or conventional attacks. 650 new USAF personnel are going to Upper Heyford.

Stornoway, also shown on the map, is already under development at NATO expense as a forward base. It will be used by US reinforcement aircraft travelling to and from Europe, and as an operating location for US anti-submarine warfare aircraft.

The new bases revealed by the Pentagon's 1984 budget bring the total of US bases and facilities in Britain to over 110. Including RAF bases used only for housing (and shared ranges and supply depots), there will soon be over 160 US military bases and facilities in Britain. □

Analysis of the US Defense Budget *by Bill Atkin and Richard Fieldhouse of the Institute of Policy Studies, Washington.*

NATIONAL PARKS

Country sides

Ian Brotherton on the politicisation of park authorities

'THIS IS NOT JUST a Bill. It is a people's charter for the open air. For everyone who likes to get out and enjoy the countryside. Without it they are fettered. With it the countryside is theirs to preserve, to cherish, to enjoy and to make their own.' These are the words with which, on 31 March 1949, Lewis Silkin commended the Bill that was to lead, during the '50s, to the designation of the ten national parks of England and Wales.

The parks are national not because (as in the USA) the land is owned State, but because the whole nation values and has an interest in them. This interest is represented on each park authority by members appointed by the Secretary of State for the Environment (in the case of Dartmoor, Exmoor, the Lake District, Northumberland, the North York Moors, the Peak District and the Yorkshire Dales), or the Secretary of State for Wales (in the case of the Brecon Beacons, the Pembrokeshire Coast and Snowdonia). These ministers' appointees are advised to take account of the wider national purposes of the parks – while authority members appointed by the county and district councils protect the more local interests.

Although the ministers' appointees have always been outnumbered two-to-one by local representatives, the balance between conservational and recreational interests and those of farming and landowning has always, hitherto, been maintained.

That balance has now been upset – largely because half of the 66 members appointed by Tory ministers in April 1980, '81, '82 and '83 have interests in farming, forestry or land-owning (one of these is the main occupation of 25 of them). More logically, perhaps, farming and landowning interests also predominate among the members appointed by county and district councils. As a result, there is real doubt as to whether some of the park committees are any longer able to give proper consideration and weight to the conservation and recreation purposes of the parks – particularly when agricultural applications are being considered.

Why has this happened? The reasons are political, both in the party and the wider sense. Party influences in the parks have increased since the mid-1970s. Included among the 1975-79 Labour appointments, on a far greater scale than hitherto, were former and prospective members of Parliament, local councillors, party agents, trade unionists and others known more for their party affiliation than for their interest in the parks or their purposes. Predictably, they were removed at the first opportunity and replaced, in ever greater numbers, by members more acceptable to the Conservative administration that was returned in 1979. Indeed, so drastic were the changes that the average length of service of an appointed member was reduced to a little over two years. Ten or so years earlier, the average service had been almost 11 years.

The main intention behind recent Conservative appointments seems to have been the benefit of the soft, voluntary approach to the resolution of conflicts between agriculture and conservation advocated by the National Farmers' Union and the Country Landowners' Association, and severely criticised by the whole conservation movement during the passage of the Wildlife and Countryside Act 1981.

For making appointments to the parks, ministers are required, by statute, to consult with the Countryside Commission. Until the mid-1970s, they did lean heavily on the Commission's suggestions (drawn largely

THIS ENGLAND

£3 book tokens for entries printed (on postcards, please).

□ Mrs Thatcher and the First Sea Lord, Sir John Fieldhouse, were made special members of the Worshipful Company of Glovers of London yesterday. The occasion gave the Prime Minister an opportunity to put her spare single gloves to good use for the company has a scheme for sending single gloves to one-handed people. 'I have got one or two single gloves at home which I kept in the hope of finding the other half of the pair again,' said Mrs Thatcher. 'Now I shall be able to send them to the company. As you prosper yourself you ought to do something for others'. – *Daily Telegraph* (W. M. Richards)

□ Governments, of course, never interfere in the editorial freedom of television, although I gather that the Prime Minister's view is that the programmes on Channel 4 tend to be overloaded with lesbians, Trots and Left-wingers. – *Scottish Daily Express* (Andrew Burke)

□ A punkrocker who thought his four inch spiky haircut was his crowning glory was fired by his employers, Rolls Royce, an industrial tribunal heard yesterday. Mr Howard Parry, the training manager and a former RAF officer, said: 'His hairstyle was unacceptable. It represented a safety hazard. The spikes projected from the surface of his head for some distance and an accidental movement could have injured a supervisor leaning over him.' – *Guardian* (Simon Montgomery).

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from prominent members of voluntary countryside organisations, including the Council for the Protection of Rural England, Country Naturalists' Trusts, Ramblers' Association and Youth Hostels Association) as to who would best guard the national interest in the parks. But, today, local political pressures, fed through Members of Parliament and the party organisation, and the demands of the farming lobby, exerted through the NFU and CLA, hold much greater sway. The result is that the interests represented on the park authorities have little to do with the park purposes.

Inevitably and rightly appointments to the park authorities are made by ministers. They should be free to appoint people in whom they have confidence. But problems do arise if political influences determine, as they increasingly do, which interests are represented and in what degree. The parks were designated for the whole nation, yet representation is increasingly narrowed and weighted to the perspective of the appointing minister.

These trends threaten the parks' credibility. There is need to reaffirm that the parks are special, affording value to many people for many purposes. The park purposes need to be adequately represented, for the park authorities have few real powers. And willing and able members should be allowed to develop their contribution. □

Dr Ian Brotherton lectures in landscape in the University of Sheffield and is editor of Landscape Research. *His report 'Ministerial Appointments to National Parks' is published by the Council for National Parks, 4 Hobart Place, London SW1W 0H7 (Price £1.50, inc. p&p).*

RIGHT OF REPLY

Labour and crime

Paul Gilroy and Joe Sim respond to the 7 October New Statesman *article on crime by Kinsey and Young*

AS LABOUR LOOKS round for solutions to its organisational and ideological crises, the desire to create a politics which gives due weight to everyday experience can only be beneficial. However, the idea that recognising working-class concern over crime can be a timely short cut into intimacy with the daily lives of potential supporters is seriously misguided, if not utterly cynical.

Although conducted in the name of realism, Richard Kinsey's and Jock Young's article (*NS* 7 October) typified the pitfalls of recent left writing on crime, which has been handicapped by its sloganeering tone and habitual failure to address the historical and political complexities of the relationship between working-class communities and the police. Socialists should begin to face the fact that, as far as crime is concerned, there are no ready-made answers waiting, like concealed rabbits, to be produced from the hat by realist conjuring.

Too much discussion of these issues is conducted at a dizzying level of abstraction, where the already elastic concept of 'crime' becomes a catch-all category. Institutionalised brutality by police is necessarily and qualitatively different from attacks on police officers. The development of socialist perspectives is not served by lumping the two together under the general heading of 'crime', let alone by linking them, as Kinsey and Young do, to the plundered gas meters and speeding juggernauts of the inner city. The easy resort to 'crime' as an abstraction, confirms, rather than reduces, the distance Labour must travel if it is to make genuine connections with the everyday sphere.

Most people do not say that they are afraid to walk the streets because of crime in general. Their fears specify particular crimes which are of concern to them – burglary, rape, or perhaps 'mugging'. Such fears are real enough, but there is a gulf between them and the actual chances of becoming a victim.

A critical view of law and order should therefore provide an account of where, when and why these fears have been able to develop. This requires looking in detail at popular politics, at the forays of police chiefs and ideologues into what Robert Mark himself identified as a novel role – 'the moulding of public opinion and legislation'. The trail leads directly to the way in which the police select and define the problems of crime deserving public attention. In looking at the last decade, particular attention must be paid to the junction of race and crime themes, which has also been central to popular representation of national decline. The view of crime as an imported, alien blight, fundamentally at odds with the English way of doing things, has its own long and complex history. Its recurrence links the Garotting Panic of 1862 and the 'White Slave Bill' of 1912 with contemporary concern over the Caribbean origins of urban disorder.

The abstract and undifferentiated view of crime thrives beside a similarly idealised view of the working class, which is presented as a seamless, homogenous group united by its fear of crime despite the everyday divisions of gender, race, craft, income or employment. This fantasy depends on the separation of 'crime' from the related issue of policing. The demand that 'law and order' become a social provision for the poor is naïve, especially once it is appreciated that the struggle against crime is only a footnote in the history of policing and, further, that the police have seldom enjoyed either the opportunity or the will to address the crimes to which working-class people fall victim. Whether or not one accepts that the protection of property has, for the police, usually come second to the imposition of order, it is important to remember that the encroachment of police into working-class life and leisure has been fiercely resisted. The casual poor responded very differently to this police presence than did their skilled or regularly employed neighbours. It is possible that similar divisions will become important once again, as new 'dangerous classes' are identified in the 'high-crime areas' and 'symbolic locations' where the police concentrate their resources.

There will also be renewed struggle to resist the imposition of criminal labels on individual and collective acts which have a normative or political dimension. Working secretly while drawing the dole, drinking in unlicensed premises, or harassing blacks for sport are as much part of this category as wrecking police cars or burning down the Liverpool Racquets club. All have effects on what 'working-class' might mean in post industrial Britain.

IT MAY BE convenient to ignore this side of crime, but it is hardly realistic. Some of these crimes become objects of police work, some do not. Socialists should be able to explain that unevenness, rather than simply prioritise the crimes they care about on a shopping list of demands for the police.

Environmentalist explanations of criminal behaviour may suit born-again Tory bashing, but they are not sufficient to construct an alternative policy. Feminists have demonstrated that the abuse of women is a ubiquitous phenomenon. Rape and sexual assault are only the most obvious examples of where the environmental explanation must be supplemented by attention to questions of power and social relations.

It may be fashionable to extol the virtues of Labour's new realism with regard to crime and punishment, but a necessary moment of self-awareness seems lacking. To argue that 'at best Labour has merely responded to circumstance, seeking only to water down the excesses of the Tory right' indicates a bad case of tunnel vision. If Labour has been reborn, it has nothing to fear in admitting the role of previous Labour administrations in the introduction and development of authoritarian law-and-order policies. The Home Secretaryships of Callaghan, Jenkins and Rees were characterised by increases in prison sentences and the prison population as well as the introduction of repressive criminal justice measures including the formation of the SPG, the prevention of terrorism acts and the MUFTI squads.

A similar enthusiasm for stiffening the arm of the criminal justice system is revealed by Labour's 1974 Criminal Justice Bill, which was tougher in many respects than its Conservative predecessor. If these patterns are not to recur, Labour will have to resist the lure of statist solutions: in particular, the temptation to endorse Sir Kenneth Newman's redefinition of the expression 'social control'. The mix of militarisation and multi-agency cooperation which accompanies it confirms the centrality, to the problems of the mainland, of counter-insurgency thinking and policing in the six counties of Northern Ireland. □

Paul Gilroy and Joe Sim work for the GLC Police Unit, but write here in their personal capacities.

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DIARY

We continue the extracts from 'The Secret Diary of Margaret Hilda Roberts, aged 14¼', as edited by Sue Townsend

MONDAY: Up at 5am. Had a brisk rub-down at the washstand then tapped on Father's bedroom door and reminded him of our early morning mushrooming expedition. While Father dressed and shaved I went downstairs, rubbed two sticks together and lit the fire for our tea and gruel. I am well aware of the fact that a watched pot never boils, so I studiously avoided making eye contact and concentrated instead on picking mouse droppings out of the shop's flour bin.

Over breakfast, Father and I idly chatted about the rise of fascism, then, after washing the dishes, we strolled out of the shop and headed towards the fields. Father found an interesting new variety of mushroom: it was growing in such abundance that before long our baskets were full. We were quite excited. Father kept saying: 'And they are free! Free, Margaret, no middlemen!'

As we turned into Stubble Lane, I spotted Caroline Porke-Cracklin behind the hedge astride 'The Major'. Caroline has not been at school for the past month, and Mrs Porke-Cracklin has been sending notes to the effect that Caroline is ill, so I walked over to her and demanded to know how it was that she was able to ride in the early morning mist. She grunted: 'I say, lay off Roberts, your voice is unsettling "The Major".' I said: 'You are obviously perfectly fit to attend school so I shall make it my duty to report our meeting to Miss Fossedyke.' Caroline burst into tears and sobbed that her family were packing her off to Switzerland. 'To be finished?' I asked. 'It'll be the finish of me, all right,' she gulped. Then 'The Major' did something rather horrid, so Father drew me away and Caroline galloped off in the direction of the Big House. I wish it were me going to Switzerland. I believe it is almost germ-free.

Mrs Arkwright stopped us and bought half a pound of mushrooms and the rest were sold out before I went to school. Father was so delighted (he made a clear profit of one and nine pence) that he smiled at 8.15am! Unfortunately Mother saw him smiling and, thus encouraged, she foolishly started singing a Noel Coward song as she weighed the sugar. Father stopped her before she reached the chorus, but it was a near thing.

TUESDAY: Miss Fossedyke lectured the school on 'loose behaviour' this morning. Some of the girls have taken to wearing their school hats at a jaunty angle. Miss Fossedyke pointed out that a tilted hat was enough 'to send a boy out of his mind with lust'. She said that many girls had been 'sent to Switzerland' because of the angle of their headgear. Switzerland is cropping up rather a lot lately.

Mrs Arkwright rudely interrupted Father's council meeting at the bacon slicer this evening. She stormed into the shop and started screeching that Father had poisoned her family! Fortunately Mr Hickinbotham was there (he is medically trained, having completed a one-day finger bandaging course). He diagnosed Paranoia, so Father telephoned for an ambulance and a straitjacket and Mrs Arkwright was soon struggling and screaming on her way to the asylum. It was an annoying interruption, but the councillors soon got back into the hurly-burly of council affairs.

I listened with rapt attention to Item 39 on the agenda: *Report of Grass Verges Sub Committee*; Should Grantham move with the times and buy a Grass Cutting Machine, thus freeing two men for the Munitions Industry? Or should they carry on employing three men with three scythes? Father was for progress as usual. Unfortunately the clock struck half past eight and I was sent to bed before I knew the outcome. As I undressed I could hear the rumble of male voices downstairs and I vowed that one day I would take my place at the bacon slicer.

An hour later Father opened my bedroom door and whispered: 'Grantham's grass is to be cut by machinery, Margaret.' In the privacy of my room I wept a few proud tears.

WEDNESDAY: More people have been to the shop to complain about the mushrooms. I think it is disgraceful and I told them they ought to be ashamed of themselves. Our country stands on the brink of war, our brave boys in the armed forces are about to risk life and limb, yet snivelling civilians are whining about a few stomach cramps! I told them that a few hours of drill would soon cure any minor ills. Mother was allowed out to go to the library and told to take out a book on fungi. Father forbade her to linger by the shelves containing novels.

THURSDAY: Cecil Parkhurst is looking drawn and pale. He told me that he had been forced to resign from the Methodist Youth Club Committee. I asked him if it was because he needed the extra time for exam swotting (his handsome head disguises a weak brain, I fear). Cecil looked terribly noble, but he wouldn't go into any details. When I mentioned it to the minister, he blushed and said: 'He should do the honourable thing and join the Foreign Legion.' Perhaps Cecil has been less than stringent with the tea money.

Prior and his horrid bully boys spent the whole evening at Youth Club sniggering about Switzerland!

FRIDAY: The Arkwright children are back from the hospital; they are being cared for by their slatternly sister Betty. Mother took them a tray of cakes round, but the horrid working-class oiks refused to touch a crumb! Betty shrilled: 'Them mushrooms was toadstools. An' it ain't fair that our mams in the loony bin 'cos your old man can't tell one from t'other.'

SATURDAY: I asked Father why Cecil Parkhurst is in disgrace. Father blushed and muttered something about 'he's sent a girl to Switzerland'. He refused to elaborate, so I asked Mother to explain. She buried her head in her apron and started to giggle, so I am none the wiser.

SUNDAY: Constable Perkins caught that foul choirboy Dickie Ingrams writing on the back wall of the church. After beating the boy with his truncheon, the good constable called at the shop and informed Father. Mother and I were sent out to remove the writing. It said: 'Cecil Parkhurst likes the Cracklin on his Porke.'

ROGER WODDIS

Safe with us

A London specialist, replying to a claim by Kenneth Clarke, the Health Minister, that no kidney patient had died because of the health cuts, says he was 'either lying for political reasons, or was misinformed, or both.'

A liar, am I? Misinformed?
Now look, I'd have you know, sir,
Such calumny's uncalled-for, seeing
I'm such a *very* human being
(Though creature would be closer).

The cockles of my heart are warmed
By spoons of melted honey;
But when we're broke, we draw the line –
Though if it touched on me or mine,
There'd be no talk of money.

You say two thousand die a year?
Well, I dispute your figure,
So, doctor, please restrain your thunder;
Quite frankly, it's a bloody wonder
The death-toll isn't bigger.

Dialysis has cost us dear:
I'm sure you'd not be willing,
With trade in other spheres so brisk,
Officiously to put at risk
The cash we need for killing.

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Conspiracy theory

Claudia Wright reports on the plots, real and imagined, behind William Clark's departure from the White House staff

Washington

IN THE RAREFIED atmosphere that exists these days between Beirut and Washington, it's to be expected that those around President Amin Gemayel, Fadi Frem, the Phalangist militia commander, and PLO chairman Yasser Arafat, currently holed up in Tripoli, should view their predicament through wildly distorted lenses. It is thus that an imaginative conspiracy theory, which stretches even the most willing belief to its limits, has succeeded in acquiring a good deal of popular support. The theory goes something like this:

- Colonel Robert McFarlane, the US special Middle East negotiator, has reached a secret pact with Syria and Israel, according to which the Syrians will destroy the PLO forces still loyal to Arafat in Northern Lebanon. In return, the United States and Israel will allow the Syrian President, Hafiz al-Assad, to control the Lebanese government and enjoy his own *Lebensraum* in the Bekaa valley.
- To keep this pact secret, Colonel McFarlane has persuaded the National Security Council to authorise a tough show of force against Syria and its Druze allies. Secrecy has also been preserved by having US army brigadier-general Carl Steiner pretend to run the Lebanese army from his office at the Lebanese Ministry of Defence.
- To make doubly certain that the secret is safe and that the Lebanese army continues to think that the US is on its side, the Syrians have arranged to leak the information that the Soviet Union is shipping SS21 missiles to Syria to replace the old and inaccurate Frog-7s.
- Further to convince the sceptics that the SS21 is not a US disinformation trick, Israeli officials have resurrected an old request for the US to supply Pershing-1 missiles to 'balance' the SS21 threat.
- When Secretary of State George Shultz discovered the full details of the secret Syrian deal, which McFarlane and William Clark, the President's national security adviser, had concocted, he vented his anger on Clark. That gave Clark a bad headache, he told the press. After leaving the White House with headaches for several nights in a row, Clark begged the President to let him take a quiet, new job as Secretary of the Interior.

In Washington, however, the facts point towards a very different plot – one in which Clark and McFarlane have tripped themselves up most embarrassingly.

Clark didn't volunteer to leave the White House. He was pushed and given a cabinet job because that was the only way in which the President could remove his old friend without appearing to do so. For the President had been forced to choose between Shultz and Clark in a ploy that Clark himself had instigated. The irony of Clark's departure is that it was brought on by one of those tricks that he has spent a career practising on others – the poisoned press leak.

On 12 October, a nationally syndicated column appeared by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, two right-wing columnists whom Clark has frequently used to channel leaks against his adversaries in the foreign policy apparatus. According to the Clark leak, Shultz was getting in the way of a US-Syrian deal conceived by Clark and McFarlane to guarantee Israel's northern border and keep the PLO out of the Shouf Mountains. Shultz, suggested the column, was obsessed by Assad undoing the 17 May agreement that he had negotiated between Israel and Lebanon; and was furious that Clark and McFarlane were operating their own exclusive negotiating channels. To Evans, Clark intimated that Shultz was Israel's puppet.

THE ALLEGATIONS were imaginative but not novel. They had been aired in Beirut at the end of September by the Maronite leaders, Fadi Frem, Pierre Gemayel and Camille Chamoun, who told US reporters that they suspected an American 'betrayal'. They calculated that this appeal would relieve the pressure to make political concessions on which the 26 September ceasefire depends. This pressure was coming from the United States.

McFarlane and Clark didn't differ from Shultz on the negotiating tactics. They were all agreed on tough measures against Syria and all wanted to win over Walid Jumblatt by driving a wedge between the Druze and Damascus. That required some calculated duplicity with the Gemayel goverment and the Phalange, which has made them nervous. That, in turn, has been manipulated by the Americans, for Jumblatt's benefit, as a sign of their 'neutrality'.

Shultz did have a falling-out with McFarlane and Clark, but this was a clash over personal power, not over policy in Lebanon. Although McFarlane reported formally to Shultz and received his daily instructions from the State Department, he retained his title as Deputy National Security Adviser at the White House, excluded State Department specialists from his negotiating team and used a separate channel to exchange messages with Clark. This gave Clark the real power behind McFarlane's moves. Shultz behaved exactly as his predecessors behaved when upstaged by the National Security Adviser. He demanded full control.

Clark had aggravated Shultz with a secret trip to Rome to meet McFarlane on 1 October. He made matters worse by overriding State Department advice for the President's 8 October speech on the Middle East. The 12 October press leak was the last straw. Shultz told the President that he was ready to leave. The President had to choose between his second Secretary of State and his second National Security Adviser in the middle of the Lebanon negotiations and on the point of announcing his re-election decision.

Just how little substance there is to the US-Syrian conspiracy can be seen from the SS21 story and the way in which the President, Clark and Shultz all played it up. The original news reports about the missile originated from Shultz, through an aide, on 6 October. But the intelligence did not originate at the State Department, or from within the US intelligence community. According to US officials, it came from Israel, and was floated on Shultz's order over the objections of US intelligence officials, who had doubts about its veracity and the value of publicising it.

Shultz wanted to keep the heat on the Syrians; the SS21 news coincided with Shultz's meeting at the United Nations, in New York, with Syria's foreign minister, Abdel-Halim Khaddam. Nothing was agreed at the meeting, which was dominated by the problem of filling the ranks of the observer group to monitor the 26 September ceasefire. Khaddam then flew to Washington, but left hastily after the Lebanese embassy started circulating new rumours of a secret US-Syrian pact – this time negotiated between Khaddam and Shultz, and between the Syrian Chief of Staff, General Hikmat Shehaibi, and CIA director William Casey. The truth was that Khaddam had come to Washington to see his daughter and son-in-law and had had no talks with US officials. Shehaibi was in a hospital in Texas for an operation on his prostate gland and had no contact with the CIA. □

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CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Legal revenge

Jan Kavan on trumped-up charges against a lawyer who defended oppositionists

LAST MONTH'S ARREST of Czechoslovak lawyer Dr Josef Danisz indicates that, with the deteriorating economic situation and rising tension prior to the expected drastic price increases (the second in 18 months), the régime is abandoning the long-standing pretence that its political opponents are imprisoned only if they break the law.

True, many of the political 'articles of the Penal Code', such as incitement (s100), or subversion (s98), are already so flexible that they can be stretched to cover almost any non-conformist activity. But the authorities have tried, for the sake of their coveted image in the West, to act within the framework of a legal system – outwardly, at least. The actual conduct of the various trials has always been concealed from the public, including Western observers, with the courtrooms being declared 'over-crowded' (with secret police) and no one, 'regretfully', being allowed admission.

Some defence lawyers have attempted to help their clients, even under the most adverse conditions, but only one, Josef Danisz, exposed the hypocrisy of the system and defended his clients, among them Charter spokesman Dr Jaroslav Sabata, so courageously that he had to be silenced.

Thirty-seven-year old Danisz was arrested on 16 September and charged with interfering with an under-age boy. If convicted, he could be sentenced to up to five years in prison. At the time of the alleged crime, Danisz was with his wife and children 300 miles away, in the Moravian town of Olomouc. Five witnesses, all unconnected with the human rights movement, testified to this fact. Their testimony made a mockery of the accusation and on 30 August, Danisz asked for the criminal proceedings to be stopped. A few hours after his request, however, and after the file on the case had been passed to the Prague prosecutor, the owner of the house where the crime had allegedly occurred suddenly remembered – five months after the event – that he had seen Danisz, on the fateful day, in Prague. Danisz was promptly jailed. On 28 September, he was released from jail – but the charges against him still stand and he is still due to be tried.

Earlier, in June 1979, Danisz had lost his job and been expelled from the Prague Association of Lawyers shortly after taking up the defence of Vaclav Havel, the former Charter 77 spokesman and internationally known playwright. Six months later, he was sentenced to ten months' imprisonment and three years' professional ban for allegedly insulting an official during his defence of Sabata. A broken leg delayed the start of his sentence until May 1980. At this time, a half-hearted amnesty was announced and Danisz became the only Charter 77 signatory to profit by it. He joined VONS (Committee for the Defence of the Unjustly Prosecuted) and continued to write penetrating analyses of the Czechoslovak legal system. He was made an honorary member of the French Association of Lawyers.

Not even Danisz could have expected to become the victim of an absurd, trumped-up charge designed to discredit him among his friends both in Czechoslovakia and the West. Anna, his wife, who had returned several weeks earlier from a visit to her father, Professor Eduard Goldstücker, at Sussex University, said that the arrest was possibly an act of revenge for Danisz's articles and defence activities.

Danisz is not the only victim of such blatantly absurd accusations. Four days before his arrest, the regional court in Usti nad Labem had rejected the appeal of Charter 77 spokesman Ladislav Lis. Lis was appealing against the verdict of 14 months imprisonment, followed by three years of virtual house arrest (known as 'protective surveillance') to which he had been sentenced as a result of his Charter 77 activities – primarily, his support of a dialogue with the Western peace movement. The regional court upheld the verdict, but decided to change the accusation completely.

Lis was now found guilty of causing incitement against the republic. His 'crime' was to have asked the President for protection following anonymous blackmail letters threatening to kill his children. The court also accepted as proven Lis's further 'criminal activity', testified to by a certain Budsky who asserted that, in 1971, Lis was visited by Jirí Pelikan, former Director General of Czechoslovak TV and currently European MP for the Italian Socialist Party. As Mr Pelikan has been in the West since 1968 and has been deprived of his Czech nationality and passport, the accusations against Lis fall under the same category as those levelled against Danisz. □

Dr Josef Danisz

Palach Press

PACIFIC ISLANDS

Ancestral voice

Martin Bailey on a British power station project in Palau

AN INTERNATIONAL row over a British-built power station on the isolated Pacific island territory of Palau threatens to sour relations with the UK after an unusually auspicious start two centuries ago. The 15,000 inhabitants of the Rebublic of Palau, situated 500 miles to the east of the Philippines, are now part of the US-administered Trust Territory of Micronesia. The story of their first contacts with Britain was graphically recounted to a United Nations committee by High Chief Ibedul Gibbons.

The traditional head of Palau explained: 'In 1783 Captain Wilson shipwrecked his vessel, the *Antelope*, on the small island of Ulong. Concerned for the safety and well-being of his crew, he faced with some trepidation the visit from my ancestor, Ibedul. In spite of their inability to communicate in a common language, a bond of friendship, mutual respect and trust was born. Ibedul assisted Captain Wilson in rebuilding his ship and sent his first-born son, Prince Lee-boo, to return to England with Captain Wilson and be educated in the Western world.'

Chief Gibbons went on to tell the United Nations that he had hoped that the respect and trust which had characterised the relationship of Captain Wilson and his ancestor would continue. But, he added, 'the recent activities of the Thatcher government indicate that links have been weakened – all because of a power station.

The power project has led to a major political row in Palau. The government, supported by a majority of parliamentary members, has backed the International Power Systems proposal. But traditional leader Chief Gibbons, who is also mayor of Koror, has fought the new scheme – believing that the $33 million generating station and bunker fuel terminal will be an 'outrageously expensive public project which is doomed to failure'. He told the United Nations that it would be a financial

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drain on Palau, and would never be self-financing.

According to Chief Gibbons, International Power Systems 'bought the support and influence' of Palau officials 'by treating them all to a free trip to London with expensive hotels, lavish meals and entertainment for two weeks plus a weekend trip to Paris'. He also points out that the multi-million dollar contract was signed without compliance with the local laws, which normally require competitive bidding on all public projects worth over $5,000. Meanwhile, the British government has given its full backing to the London-based company by providing Export Credits Guarantee Department support.

London-based International Power Systems told the *New Statesman* that the company strongly rejects the charges of Chief Gibbons. Three delegations of a dozen people each were flown to London where they received 'normal treatment for overseas guests'. A company spokesman added that it was important for the officials to see International Power Systems work at first hand in the UK. The contract itself had been properly awarded, after changes in the normal tendering system.

Most important, International Power Systems argued, the project would be profitable and would provide an important source of income for Palau. A company spokesman added that demand for power would increase dramatically once the present generators were replaced with a reliable source of electricity. Chief Gibbons, the company suggested, had his own reasons for opposing the new scheme.

Construction of the new project is already underway in Palau. Only time will tell if the power station and bunker terminal are financially viable. But the project could prove just as decisive for Palau's development as the shipwreck of the *Antelope* two centuries ago. □

CRUISE MISSILES

Suing Reagan

Susan Jaffe reports on a lawsuit filed by Greenham women

New York

WITH ONLY WEEKS to go before the arrival of American cruise missiles in Britain, four of the resourceful Greenham Common women have just been in New York to deploy their latest strategy: to sue President Ronald Reagan and Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger. For, under several international agreements, nuclear war happens to be illegal in most civilised countries. Ten Greenham women are filing a lawsuit on 9 November in a United States Federal District Court.

The women have taken the unusual step of submitting a legal suit to an American court even though they are foreigners. No one has ever sued the United States government – the only country to have used a nuclear bomb – to prevent nuclear conflagration.

The women claim that deployment of cruise missiles increases the chances of a nuclear war, which would violate international law and certain provisions of the US Constitution forbidding the denial of life and liberty without due process of law. They are asking for a court order, or injunction, against deployment. Non-Americans can file complaints in American courts under the American Alien Torts Claims Act of 1789.

This Act originally allowed foreigners to file suits against pirates who menaced innocent travellers on the high seas. It was used successfully last May by the family of a 17-year-old Paraguayan man, who was tortured and murdered by security police in Paraguay. In *Filartiga v Pena* the family was awarded $375,000 in damages against a Paraguayan police official who was living in New York.

The international laws invoked in the Greenham suit include the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, endorsed by the United Nations; the 1949 Geneva Convention; the Hague Conventions of 1899 and 1907; the Nuremberg trial decisions against genocide; and the generally accepted laws of war affecting the need to avoid damage to civilians and neutral countries.

The women are relying on the *Filartiga* precedent to enable them to file an American lawsuit. To prove that they are also entitled to the protection of the American Constitution, they point to court decisions which have held that, when the United States exerts significant control in a foreign country, non-Americans subjected to American control also enjoy American legal rights. It is ironic that there is no way in which the British women could bring a similar action under their own legal system.

The Greenham women are represented by the Center for Constitutional Rights, a progressive lawyers' collective in New York. The Center was a product of the civil rights movement and specialises in innovative constitutional issues involving international rights, racial justice, women's rights, criminal justice and government misconduct. Attorneys at CCR handled the *Filartiga* case in addition to suits against the Reagan administration to stop military aid to El Salvador and to anti-government rebels in Nicaragua. A recent decision to dismiss the Nicaragua suit is now under appeal in Washington DC.

According to CCR staff attorney Anne Simon, the US plainly exercises significant power in Britain. 'The design for the use of cruise missiles provides that the missiles will be dispersed on trucks within 100 miles of Greenham Common, and they are under US control. The decision to disperse them, to use them and the supervision of support personnel all adds up to a high degree of control over the movement and immediate liberty of people in Britain.' 'We are living in a country with 102 US bases', says plaintiff Carrie Pester, 'and that feels like an occupation to us'.

SEVERAL MEMBERS of Congress, among them Ron Dellums of California and Ted Weiss of New York, will also be joining the lawsuit as plaintiffs, arguing that their Constitutional rights are also denied by the cruise deployment. Even though Congress appropriated funds for cruise, Simon claims that the installation and eventual use of the missiles deprives Congress of its constitutional power to declare war. Cruise missiles will be controlled by the Pentagon and the President who, as Commander-in-Chief, can press the button to launch the missiles. The Congressional plaintiffs contend that, even if Congress paid for cruise, it did not give the President a blank cheque. 'If someone is going to blow up the world', says Simon, 'one would hope that the people's elected representatives would have something to say about it'.

Petra Kelly, a prominent member of the West German Green Party, is filing an amicus (or 'friend of the court') brief on behalf of the Greenham women. Peace groups from Western Europe, Scandinavia and America will also submit amicus briefs to persuade the court.

The plaintiffs on both sides of the Atlantic will face considerable obstacles when they have their day in court. The presiding judge could dismiss the case on the grounds that it involves a foreign policy matter for the Congress or the President and is outside the jurisdiction of the courts. The Pentagon will probably refuse to provide any information about cruise deployment on the grounds that it is classified information. The plaintiffs may be unable to prove their case without definite Pentagon evidence.

The Greenham women in New York have a temporary office at CCR. Activists here have many doubts about the system of American justice, but recognise that there are few alternative tactics left. 'I don't have much faith in the legal system,' says Leslie Cagan, program coordinator of National Mobilization for Survival. 'But I do have faith in the Greenham women and the mass movement in this country. Whatever positive decisions that may come out of the court will occur only because of the mass movement'. Mobilization – a coalition of 150 local and national peace and social justice groups – supports the lawsuit and is helping the Greenham women raise funds. Most of the legal costs are being paid by the Center for Constitutional Rights, but the plaintiffs are paying their own air fares and other expenses.

In talking to Americans, the Greenham women emphasise that the lawsuit is much more than a political or symbolic gesture. 'We've sat in the mud and cried and had bad dreams,' says Liz Forder of Cardiff. 'We've lobbied Parliament, the press, we've spoken on radio and television, we've done everything we can think of. It's desperation that brings us to the US. But we have to stop the cruise missiles because once they're in Britain, the final stage of the arms race is reached. There's just no turning back.' □

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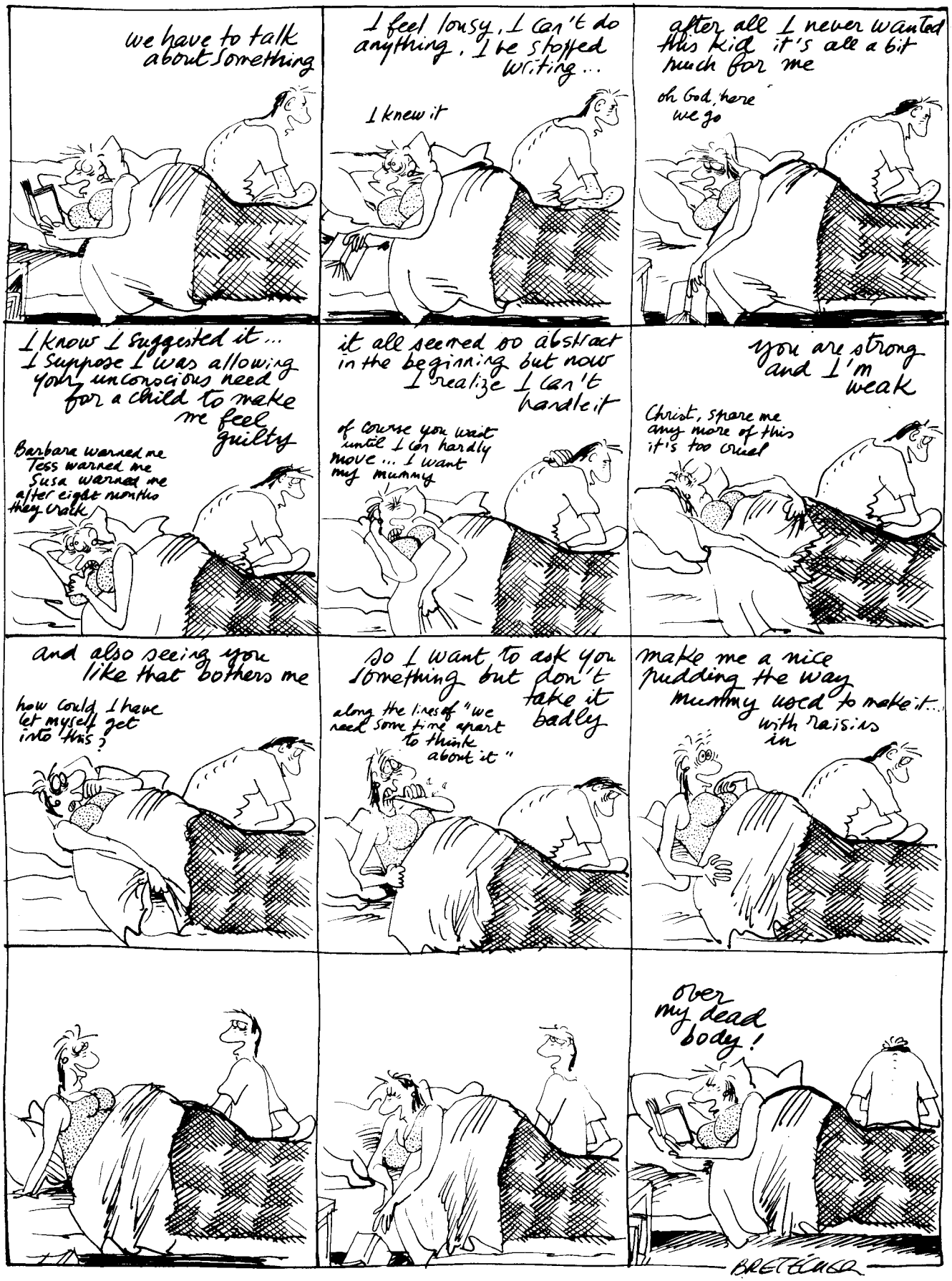
BRETECHER

EIGHT MONTHS GONE


we have to talk about something
I feel lousy, I can't do anything. I've stopped writing...
I knew it
after all I never wanted this kid it's all a bit much for me
oh God, here we go
I know I suggested it... I suppose I was allowing your unconscious need for a child to make me feel guilty
Barbara warned me Tess warned me Susa warned me after eight months they crack
it all seemed so abstract in the beginning but now I realize I can't handle it
of course you wait until I can hardly move... I want my mummy
you are strong and I'm weak
Christ, spare me any more of this it's too cruel
and also seeing you like that bothers me
how could I have let myself get into this?
so I want to ask you something but don't take it badly
along the lines of "we need some time apart to think about it"
make me a nice pudding the way mummy used to make it... with raisins in
over my dead body!
BRETECHER

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LETTERS

Poor law and order

Laurie Taylor, University of York

Max Farrar (Letters, 14 October) is right to complain of Kinsey and Young (*NS* 7 October) talking of law and order as a 'necessary social provision for the poor'. Such a phrase cannot help but prompt the thought that a little more 'law and order provision' for the *rich* might do do something to correct the gross over-representation of the deprived in our courts and jails.

And Farrar may also be right in claiming to have a better view of inner city life from his law centre than Kinsey and Young (and the present writer, for that matter) enjoy from their sociology departments.

But, elsewhere, he is unfair – citing, for example, one reference to 'street crime' as evidence that Kinsey and Young are 'conjuring up a left-wing version of the mugging myth' and unreasonably suggesting that they condone police crime because they also insist on the reality of another sort of crime problem.

What is particularly difficult about getting some new discussion started in this area is, of course, referred to by Farrar and your other correspondent, Caroline Wright: the law and order debate has often been a rhetorical device for both Right and Left to compound myths and stereotypes, blur distinctions between victims and offenders and introduce new and more represssive forms of social control. Kinsey and Young surely deserve some credit for pointing towards a way out of this tangle of prejudice and paranoia. It's certainly difficult to see why their modest proposals should suggest, in Caroline Wright's strange analogy, that they are about to initiate a 'call for the expulsion of foreign workers'.

Gloria Mays, London SE5

At long, long last! The *New Statesman*, in publishing the piece by Richard Kinsey and Jock Young (*NS* 7 October), has recognised the need to draw attention to the working-class victims of street crime.

As Kinsey and Young rightly point out, Labour's Left and Right have failed to connect with the immediate experience of working-class life. One hesitates to lobby one's Labour MP on the Law and Order issue for fear of being considered reactionary. But, whatever the reasons for street crime, be it unemployment or whatever, the working-class women and old age pensioners who are afraid to walk the streets need a *socialist* defender to speak for them.

Why let the Tories have the monopoly of concern for our people? It is, after all, only *pseudo*-concern. Most of them have cars and do not have to stand alone at a bus stop in South London late at night.

Labour's housing policy

Nigel Stanley and Peter Hain, London SW4

Chris Hamnett's article on Labour's housing policy (*NS* 14 October) is a useful contribution to a much needed debate that seems, at last, to be breaking out in the party. However, we must object to the way he counterposes our views on council house sales to those of the Labour Housing Group.

For the record, we would like to make it clear that we do not believe Labour should capitulate to the Tories on this issue and we remain as opposed as ever to the discounts given by the current 'right to buy' legislation. The problem is that we enter the debate from a different starting point to that of housing experts within the party: namely, our experience of the electorate's perception of Labour's housing policy as being nothing other than opposition to home ownership in general and council house ownership in particular. This is backed up by a distaste for the spectacle of owner-occupier activists lecturing council tenants on why they *shouldn't* be home owners. We also have a sneaking suspicion that life on many inner city housing estates is as about as good an advert for socialism as the invasion of Afghanistan.

While we know that Labour's policy is, in fact, far more complex, and that past Labour governments have significantly benefited home owners, we feel sure that a recast of housing policy is necessary so that we don't keep getting bogged down in arguments about tenure. Chris Hamnett and the Labour Housing Group are, of course, absolutely right that this can only take place in the context of a complete overhaul of housing finance – our view does not differ from this in any way. All we are anxious to do is to ensure that housing policy becomes more widely debated in the party, is fully comprehensive and breaks from its domination by the needs of municipal landlords to be based, instead, on the aspirations and needs of owners, tenants and the homeless.

Customers' right

Paul Lusk, Co-operative Development Services, Liverpool

In the course of his otherwise excellent article on Liverpool housing co-ops (*NS* 14 October), Jules Lubbock states that Weller Streets Co-op's original decision to interview architects was taken 'against the will of CDS'. This is quite untrue. CDS was then, and remains, utterly committed to the principle and practice of client selection of architect, and every co-op serviced by us has interviewed and appointed its own architect.

Transport & General Uselessness

Adrian Dalton, London N8

I write in connection with your article on the Britains toy factory strike (*NS* 30 September). Amrit Wilson says at the end that the T&GWU will continue to support 'the campaign to improve conditions'. I don't think so. The T&GWU has a habit of recruiting members in ludicrously low-paid jobs and then doing nothing for them.

Proof of this is their closed shop agreement with the Manpower job agency. Last year, for two months, I worked on a contract with Manpower at the Midland Bank warehouse in Colindale. The wage was £2.35 per hour for the contract workers, while the full-time staff (members of BIFU), alongside whom we worked, earned almost twice as much. Fair enough, this kind of exploitation of short-term workers is pretty standard. What really got my goat was that Manpower repeatedly promised a pay rise and repeatedly failed to deliver. We got on to the union about this and were first informed that our regional organiser lived in . . . *Aberdeen*.

Representations to the union went on for a further eight months, until the contract actually wound up, with the closing of the warehouse, in June. In that time, no progress was made on Manpower's broken promises and the T&GWU gave no assistance whatsoever. In addition to all this, the union never even sent us union membership cards, despite the fact that we asked for them again and again. But they got their subs all right, on time, every week. Because it was a closed shop, see, and we had no choice.

If those poor devils in Walthamstow – much worse off than we ever were – are relying on the T&GWU to fight in their corner, I reckon they're up the creek.

Exploding some social work myths

John Clarke, Lecturer in Social Policy, the Open University

For me, at least, 'First Person' has finally tumbled from not very engaging idiosyncracy into political idiocy with the appearance of Anne Smith's contemplation of the horrors of social work (*NS* 30 September). The trouble is that I have heard it before, and the last time I heard it was from those flag bearers of neo-liberalism – the Centre for Policy Studies. The overlap is striking: anecdotes of incompetent, immature, badly trained, imperialistic pseudo-professionals; nostalgia for the good old days of 'specialisation'; the affronts to 'common sense'. There, lurking in the wings, are the independent (privatised) social workers waiting to offer (sell) alternative opinions.

So far, so bad, but what about the view we are offered of social work's clients? Anne Smith talks of a difference between the 'concerned, caring decent' people and the 'artful dodgers', the 'quite simply hopeless and incorrigible'. I cannot think of another occasion when the division between the deserving and undeserving poor has been offered as a basis for socialist views of welfare.

There is a need for a socialist reassessment of welfare and the role of social work, and articles in the *New Statesman* have contributed to that. Such articles have rightly stressed the need to examine the social, political and economic conditions within which social work currently operates. In the middle of industrial action by residential social workers (forgotten again, I see), the reworking of right-wing populism and its welfare myths cannot be allowed to pass as a contribution to socialist analysis of welfare. I have no doubt that social workers do make bad decisions, but the writing and publication of this article should at least reassure them that they are not alone.

Seveso is not a feminist issue

Peter Lancashire, Aberystwyth, Dyfed

I was sorry to see the usually high standard of journalism in the *New Statesman* debased by the article 'Seveso is everywhere' (*NS* 14 October).

The feminist viewpoint and rhetoric of the article were quite inappropriate to analysis of the Seveso disaster. Words and phrases were liberally enclosed in quotation marks to indicate the writer's disagreement with the sentiments expressed by them. Nowhere was this disagreement analysed or justified.

The tone of the article suggested that the disaster was not an accident, that doctors were lying, that dioxin poisoning caused a woman's death and led to birth deformities. These accusations were not explicitly stated but clearly implied. No evidence was given to support any of them.

This kind of rubbish does feminists considerable harm. The facts of the Seveso disaster are damning enough. They do not need embroidering or misrepresenting. *New Statesman* readers may be interested in an article which appeared recently in *New Scientist* (vol 99, p 918) entitled 'Ignorance was Seveso's real disaster'. Those for whom the origin of writing is more important than its contents may care to note that it was written by a woman.

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Anthony Barnett

The myth and friends of Henry K

Kissinger: The Price of Power
SEYMOUR HERSH *Faber* £15

'How important was Henry Kissinger?' This is a good question. He became one of the most lionised representatives of Western statecraft in the 1970s. He is still wrongly credited with notable 'diplomatic successes', such as the US breakthrough in relations with China. He is seen as personifying the democracy of America, a country that opened its doors to a German-Jewish immigrant on whom it bestowed a singularly high office of State. He remains an influential and, especially in Britain, an admired expert. Today he heads a mission in Central America where he has been assigned to give cover and credence to further US inspired massacres, just as he did in Bangladesh, in Cambodia, in Vietnam and in Chile, a little over a decade ago, as this book shows.

Thus Seymour Hersh's *Kissinger* is timely. But it is hardly an instant book. The author has hacked his way through a morass of interviews and accounts of the Nixon Presidency to expose Kissinger as an eager, even a desperate participant in its worst excesses, its craving for office and its paranoia. In particular it provides a marvellous antidote to the Kissinger and Nixon memoirs with all their bland evasions and dishonesties. The result is a devastating indictment.

The first volume of Kissinger's memoirs was granted a major review in the *NS*, by Bruce Page. He was one of the few in this country who saw early on that Kissinger had the moral fibre of, I was going to write of a toad, but that seems unfair to an essentially harmless creature. Anyway, Page analysed the internal structure and some of the details of the memoir and concluded that it was as large with untruth as it was thick.

Now Hersh has provided a definite confirmation of the mendacity of that account, and Nixon's. Should we be shocked? On the contrary, every famous politician should have their account of office similarly examined. I can't resist an example. In his memoirs that cover the Suez episode, Eden suggests that Nasser was a Hitlerite expansionist and a militaristic predator whose mind was a 'logical mess'. But it took us 30 years, rather than ten, to have confirmed in a glancing reference that, for three years prior to Suez, Eden was under increasing doses of benzedrine, that his surgically implanted plastic bile duct leaked, and that he suffered from 'what the layman would call brain fever' (see *Through the Looking Glass* by Anthony Verrier, 1983). It was not Nasser who was the madman.

Eden's colleagues knew this but not the readers of his memoirs. No Hersh was commissioned to do the necessary research. What publisher in Britain is going to offer £20,000 let alone $200,000 to a blunt and diligent investigative journalist to expose, say, the amorality of Carrington, now a business associate of Dr K? We are told that publishing in Britain is at last becoming less 'gentlemanly'. But even if such a commercial sum were to be advanced for this purpose, on what papers would such a journalist have gained experience? Which colleagues of the famous man would agree to talk, even off the record? The answers are obvious, and they help explain the distinct unease over Hersh in the London press: the chap doesn't really play the game.

In addition, many ranking British journalists and politicians adulate Kissinger. How should we explain his craven reception from the *Economist* to the *Sunday Times*, from Callaghan to Carrington?

HERSH'S book opens with an entertaining description of the way Kissinger manoeuvred to get his job in the first place. He was initially a Rockefeller man,but when his candidate lost the Republican nomination to Nixon, K switched to the latter while he also opened up a special line to his Democratic opponent Hubert Humphrey. Kissinger would have been *anybody's* National Security Advisor. Nixon chose him for this very reason: he had wonderful contacts with the East Coast establishment, both Republicans and Democrats. They were his patrons. But he was no more a part of that establishment than Nixon himself. Nixon could smell Kissinger's *insecurity* a mile away; that was the irony of his role as an advisor on national security. The man would always be dependent upon power such was his need of office. He could thus become Nixon's instrument over the media establishment.

Hersh shows just how dependent and empty-headed Kissinger was compared with Nixon. The latter kept the famous White House tapes that were to lead to his destruction because – vanity of vanities – they would show posterity who the 'tough guy' really was, and who should have won the Nobel 'peace prize'. Indeed, it was undoubtedly Nixon who called the shots and conceived the major strokes. It was Nixon who decided that the Vietnam war should continue another four years to obtain terms he could have gained in four months. It was Nixon who conceived the China strategy. It was Nixon who decided on the invasion of Cambodia. Kissinger simply carried out his master's work, and made it as presentable as possible.

In a particularly fine chapter Hersh shows how Kissinger exploited the Cambodian invasion to gain supreme control over all

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other foreign policy advisors. The invasion was an act of drunken folly by the President. The television address in which he announced that America could not be seen as a pitiful, helpless giant, implied that Cambodia had asked for the US 'incursion'. This was not the case. Nixon stated he would clean out the Vietnam Communist 'headquarters' that he pointed to on the map. It wasn't there. You might have thought he would therefore sack his foreign policy advisor; instead he gave him a private purple heart for withstanding media fire. Kissinger might have prevented the destruction of Cambodia. Instead, Hersh's book confirms that he was never interested in Cambodia, his concern was Kissinger.

He emerges from this book as a charlatan, albeit one with a fabulous ear for what would flatter his audience and a witty tongue for saying it. But as for his fabled brilliance and mastery of affairs . . .

Many now declassified US foreign policy documents are impressive assessments of major issues or of such societies as Cambodia. But are they the basis for Washington's decisions?

Hersh shows that one's worst fears are true. The officials that matter often take no notice of such studies. Their priority is scheming against their colleagues or massaging the media – often one and the same thing. The first SALT talks, negotiations on which the fate of the planet itself might turn, were surrounded by a media blitz that emphasised the 'exhaustive' analyses of all options and possibilities by the Nixon administration. In fact, according to Hersh, senior officials were 'too lazy or indifferent' to work through even the summaries. 'Most of the analyses were read in full only by those who wrote them.' As for Kissinger, one aide recalled that he spent 'as much as half of each working day in meetings or telephone conversations with reporters'. The latter were duly grateful and praised his 'grasp of detail'. This now appears to have been a euphemism for the way he had them by the balls. Indeed, it seems that Kissinger's originality lay not in substance but in his handling of the media: in the *way* he did Nixon's work for Nixon.

So why should British reviewers be so protective of this relationship? Surely it is because Kissinger represents what many British experts in international affairs would love to be. In the well-worn phrase that so captures the British illusion, we should be Greece to America's Rome. Translated, this means that top British specialists in foreign affairs, whether writers or politicians, desire – more than anything – to be Kissingers to the American Nixon. Their collective dream is to grease and polish its brute power with all their European experience of Empire.

What new formulation of policy did this wizard of statecraft forge to secure equity and peace and freedom? What original concept did this most philosophical sounding, historically educated Doctor of Philosophy add to the world's conduct of its affairs? Only two: 'shuttle diplomacy' and the formulation for which he will be forever remembered: 'We are the President's men.'

But do not laugh up your sleeve at the Americans. For there has hardly been a British Prime Minister since Eden and his brain-fever who would not have concurred. Indeed, the phrase itself might have fallen from the lips of Sir Winston Thatcher. □

HISTORY
Brian Harrison

Our yesterdays

A Social History of England
ASA BRIGGS *Weidenfeld* £11.95

Look up the catalogue of any good public library and you'll find a long list of works by G. M. Trevelyan available; look up their date-stamps and you'll see that they are still being read; his *English Social History* (1944) sold nearly 400,000 copies within its first five years. Yet among professional historians, Trevelyan has long been out of fashion; 'unoriginal mind', 'weakness of intellectual attack', were grumbles voiced by the Cambridge historian G. R. Elton a few years ago.

The appearance of a rival to Trevelyan's famous book compels us to ask whether he stands up well after 40 years of unprecedented growth in British social history. Has the general public been more perceptive about him than the professional historians like to think?

Like Trevelyan, Asa Briggs can draw upon many of his own publications when writing his book; his chronological range has not hitherto been as wide as Trevelyan's, but he has made major contributions to modern British urban, business, labour and recreational history, culminating in a formidable (and perhaps under-appreciated) battery of books on the history of the BBC. Also like Trevelyan, Briggs thinks the historian should make a special effort to explain how human beings react to their experience, and so attaches special importance to using literary sources.

In other ways, though, the two books contrast markedly. Whereas accident caused Trevelyan to begin only with Chaucer's England, Briggs begins with Boadicea or before – though the years after the industrial revolution fill a third of the book. And, whereas Trevelyan did not feel able to write about a 20th-century England which in many respects he disliked, Briggs has no qualms about bringing his story up to 1983.

As if this were not challenge enough, given that Briggs has only 313 (illustrated) pages at his disposal, he rejects Trevelyan's non-political view of social history, arguing that the social historian 'cannot ignore people of power', and must be as ready as the political historian to embark upon 'a step-by-step analysis of what happened'.

The outcome is a courageous, nicely-produced book that bulges with a wealth of diverse factual information and blossoms with good clear maps and interesting illustrations, many of them splendidly reproduced in colour. Furthermore, it can draw upon a wealth of research not available to Trevelyan.

Why, then, will Trevelyan remain secure on his library shelf? The answer is not to be found in Briggs's lack of footnotes and bibliography, because Trevelyan was not strong on these either. Nor need we be too upset by the signs of Briggs's hasty composition (for example, the Bradlaugh-Besant trial and the raising of the age of consent are both antedated by a year, and Leeds was not 'Gladstone's constituency' in 1884). For me, Trevelyan's success has a four-fold origin.

First, Trevelyan wisely pursued a

The Man who was Greenmantle
Biography of Aubrey Herbert
MARGARET FITZHERBERT
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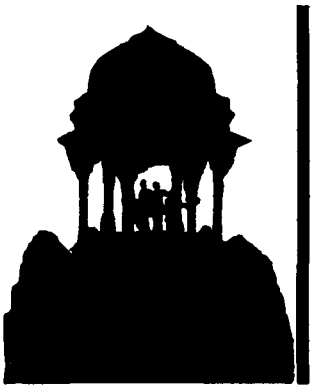

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JOHN MURRAY

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structure which would not require him to put a quart in a pint pot. His narrative is not continuous but episodic: it consecutively presents 'a series of scenes divided by intervals of time' – the ages of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Defoe, Dr Johnson, and so on. This is also an approach which gives full scope to his strong visual sense and affection for the English countryside.

The need for selectiveness also governs Trevelyan's much-derided separation of social from political history. He fully recognises the links between the two, but he needed to find ways of making space available within a particular book; besides, he always regarded his *English Social History* as complementary to his 1926 *History of England*.

Furthermore he was surely right to recognise that the social historian's role is distinct from that of the political historian; the social historian must, of course, discuss politics – and there is much discussion of politics in Trevelyan's book – but social history's slant on politics is distinctive; it aims to clarify the social life and structure of the political élite, rather than to explain a sequence of political actions. Briggs's own definition of social history as 'the history of society' too often in practice becomes 'social history with the politics thrown in', and is not readily distinguished from the sort of 'general' history which requires the historian to say something about everything.

A second source of Trevelyan's success is the integration of his book. This stems largely from his personal philosophy and personality; he juxtaposes the growth of humanitarianism and liberty with regret at industry's threat to England's beautiful 18th century countryside and to the freedom of the work force. Writing in an undoctrinaire but mildly whiggish and quietly patriotic vein, Trevelyan in the 1930s was understandably nervous for the safety of English values, and perhaps partly for that reason was vigorous in their defence; the hold of the anti-slavery movement on the British middle class, he says, is 'a thing entirely beautiful – English of the best, and something new in the world'.

Briggs comes near to an integrating theme with his frequent historiographical comments, and includes many interesting reflections by Englishmen on their past; but their overall effect is less to integrate the text than (especially in the earlier chapters) to intrude between the reader and the developments under discussion.

Briggs's earlier historical interests might have led him towards rather different integrating themes – the long-standing tension in English history between North West and South East, for example (where Trevelyan's southern-centredness needs correction), the polarity in English history between town and country (where Trevelyan is stronger), or the importance of geographical factors in British history; yet Briggs is reticent on these aspects. His chapter on 'Webs of Communication' since the industrial revolution is, however, predictably the best in the book – though he says surprisingly little about the impact of television.

Trevelyan's third major merit – his apparently effortless written style – owes much to his deliberate choice of a relatively leisured pace, though he rightly reminds us that 'what is easy to read has been difficult to write'. But good style also owes much to that sharpness of intellectual focus which results from intensity of personal involvement. For Trevelyan's *English Social History* is ultimately held together by the personality of its author, whence also comes much of the book's attractiveness. A kindly, cultivated, humane and liberal-minded man, he wrote English history in his own image, but without concealing his own strongly-held values, whereas Briggs prefers to remain behind the arras, balancing off rival interpretations.

But there is more than mere personality behind the contrast between these two books; both reflect the mood of the England within which they were written. Whereas Trevelyan's England still had a strong sense of direction, Briggs's England is tentative, undecided, apprehensive: 'just as we have had more than one yesterday', Briggs writes in his concluding sentence, 'so we can, if we choose, have more than one future.' Here, as so often elsewhere, Briggs's book accurately reflects the doubts and uncertainties the English people have felt during his own lifetime. □

RUSSIA
Olga Semenova

Top to bottom

All Stalin's Men
ROY MEDVEDEV *Basil Blackwell* £8.95
Among the Russians
COLIN THUBRON *Heineman* £8.95

These authors create a picture of Soviet society by examining some of the individuals who compose it. But they look at this society from opposite ends. The sharp contrast between these two accounts illustrates one of the more serious problems now facing the Soviet leadership.

In **All Stalin's Men,** Roy Medvedev describes the careers of six of those who rose to prominence in Stalin's shadow and remained in power on his death: Voroshilov, Mikoyan, Suslov, Molotov, Kaganovich and Malenkov. Medvedev's unique position as a 'dissident' still tolerated by Moscow has enabled him to gather material which brings these grey figures to life; the modest Voroshilov, a brave partisan leader but incompetent general; the dashing and superbly efficient Mikoyan, organiser of supplies during World War II; the grim and cautious Suslov, a 'Chief Ideologist' who 'made not one original remark'; Molotov, 'Stoney-Arse', a cold and competent bureaucrat, who carried out all Stalin's orders without hestitation (including that to send his own wife to labour camp), the ruthless and brutal Kaganovich, responsible for the collectivisation of the Ukraine; and the mediocre Malenkov, Stalin's unsuccessful 'heir'. These men were distinguished not by any outstanding talent, but by their willingness to put aside moral scruples for the sake of political advancement, by their ability to survive and their extraordinary longevity (three of them, Molotov, Kaganovich and Malenkov, can still be found wandering around Moscow).

Unfortunately, though Medvedev's descriptions are vivid, they are also crude. He still has hopes of the democratisation of the Soviet regime from above. This leads him to adopt a 'bad men' theory of history, condemning Stalin and the men who participated in his 'crimes', rather than the system which gave rise to them. He is careful to concentrate his criticisms on men who are out of favour, or dead.

In contrast, **Among the Russians** relates Colin Thubron's attempt to 'listen to people of all ages, occupations and interests'. It is compiled from the notebooks of his extraordinary 10,000 mile journey across the Soviet Union in an old Morris Marina – from Leningrad and the Baltic, to Moscow and central Russia, the Ukraine and Kiev, the Caucasus and Armenia. The result is a beautiful, poetic work, which captures much of the spirit of Russia.

Colin Thubron conveys the feel of places and their past with wonderful intensity, the golden domes of medieval Moscow, the desolate plains of Belorussia, the 'cold luminous skies' of Leningrad and the 'dynamic disorder' of Georgia. At the same time, he portrays the ugliness and emptiness of modern Russian life, with its tawdry tower blocks, interminable queues and tension,

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radiating outwards from the Kremlin. He catches the sense of spiritual desolation which possesses many, especially of the younger generation of Russians. With the exception of the odd devotee or dissident, the Russians Thubron meets don't believe in the system, but neither do they believe in anything else. Their dissatisfaction is general, but apathetic. It manifests itself in a petty passion for acquisition, in gestures of 'safe' dissidence (such as going to Church), in loose sex and, above all, in vodka.

Colin Thubron conveys this mood and describes Russia without wholly understanding it. He is an outsider who strays alone across the country and stays nowhere long enough to penetrate beneath the surface of things. He is naively surprised when the KGB become interested in him, grows paranoid and leaves the country with obvious relief.

The contrast between the individuals portrayed in these books reflects both a gulf between rulers and subjects and a gulf between generations. The present Soviet rulers spent their formative years under Stalin. They are rigid in their orthodoxy, ruthless in preserving their power and privileges. Modern Soviet youth, on the other hand, knows nothing of the suffering or the exaltation of the Stalin era and the war years. While lacking the energy to be overtly rebellious, they feel no attachment to the regime. The result is a deep malaise in Soviet society, which will be dispelled only if the younger generation is allowed to participate in political or economic life. □

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FICTION
Angela McRobbie

Underworlds

Port of Saints
WILLIAM BURROUGHS *Calder* £8.95
Londoners
MAUREEN DUFFY *Methuen* £7.95

In **Port of Saints** (published now ten years after it was written), William Burroughs's literary discourse is characteristically manic. It is also tempered by an unfamiliar generosity. Not that Old Bill, as his youth culture acolytes fondly know him, has done anything as ordinary as to stray into the terrain of recognisable or respectable human values. That *would* be the day. The generosity and its motives are suitably reprehensible – Burroughs seems quite simply to be devoted to pleasing himself and luxuriating in wild sexual fantasy. And he does this by seeking out all the pleasures of absolute deviance, all the attractions of pathology. The softness and the blurring of the edges of his usual catalogues of cruelty arise, it seems, from the straightforward desire to indulge. And he does this by replacing the violence with scenes taken almost lovingly from his boyhood.

Burroughs has always been fuelled by desperation, has always written from the assumption that everything should be, or already has been, written off. His has, undoubtedly, been a writing degree zero – which has made him such a champion among all post-war subcultural deviants. Unlike the standard existentialist, however, he doesn't dispose of all his cultural baggage. Instead, he brings it with him. But he inverts the signs and takes them to a place where they no longer make sense and then, out there, in the land of *Bladerunner* or *Solaris*, or in the private world of sexual excess, he forces them to prise themselves open to something infinitely more threatening. Which is why Burroughs is also such a favourite among the post-structuralists.

The site of *Port of Saints*, notionally some Mexico, somewhere beyond the border and outside the law, is Genet-like in its staginess – a convenient tableau. Here, Burroughs conjures a realm of pure pornographic feeling. Indeed, as a text, *Port of Saints* follows many of the conventions of classic pornographic writing. It comprises a series of glimpses, theatrical settings constructed with a minimum of fuss; a narrative, if it could be called that, which is caught in a circle of unrelenting, obsessive and repetitive desire. To see again, to do again, to remember again and to imagine again what it might be like to do again. Two points seem worth pursuing in this respect.

First, this piece of writing shows clearly why Burroughs has been the long-standing hero of the male youth subculture. There he is, taking up all the armoury of boyhood fantasies – pistols and other weapons, ice skates and morphine, science fiction and surgery, high technology and total control, popular culture and gay sex – and making them positively vibrate with anger, refusal, defiance, or whatever. And yet, because he too is so much caught within the circle of their meanings and the web of their attraction, he has to venerate them, to offer himself at their feet. Ultimately, he blurs what we might otherwise have mistaken for the line dividing gay from straight male sensibility.

Generally speaking, Burroughs has even more effectively escaped women than has Genet, who at least shows signs of affection for *femininity*. With Burroughs, it's much more cut and dried. Women are a continual source of disgust to him. Associated only with nausea, sickness, smell, or repulsion, he keeps them as far out of the picture as possible. But Old Bill does raise some interesting questions. Here we have, for a start, a piece of pornographic writing which doesn't humiliate or brutalise women, simply because they aren't there. What does this mean? Does it turn you on? And do men really need all the macho, socio-historical paraphernalia to get it together? The James Bond masculinity, the patrols, the flick knives, the blood and the explosions? Is this, in all its apparent perversity, the very norm of male sexuality?

Whether it is or it isn't, I can't help having a sneaking admiration for Burroughs. Here he is doing what any feminist worth her salt also might want to do: inventing an imagery based on separation; asserting the need for an autonomous existence and an outside-the-law sexuality. Here, too, is a paradigm for refusing to compromise. Here is a piece of writing, messy and anarchic, bizarre and funny, full of costume and masquerade, which won't, despite the pressures of age, or death, or even of simply getting tired, settle down.

It's unfair to marry together, with the help of some single concept, two very different kinds of writing. Maureen Duffy's **Londoners** is a novel which explores the tensions within another kind of underworld – a gay underworld characterised less by fantasy and bravado than by anonymity, fleeting pleasure, timidity, fear and the search for comfort. Often she uses the word 'comfort' as though it were a synonym for sex. Although it's never made quite clear, Al, the narrator, struggling to make a living as a writer, is also a lesbian. This propels her, over a lifetime, into the world of predominantly male gay bars and pubs, and forces her, it seems, to take on either an asexual identity or else to spend her time with an almost exclusively male company of friends, looking on impassively as they get done up in drag or create an alternative entertainment. It's a worthy and interesting book, but depressing in the same way as *The Well of Loneliness*, Radclyffe Hall's classic lesbian novel of the 1920s. It, too, marks out the different sexual choice as a burden, a sleight of hand of nature, a force which seeks solace in an environment where pain can be transformed into neither pleasure nor anger. □

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The Crazy Years: Paris in the Twenties

WILLIAM WISER *Thames & Hudson* £8.95

The most interesting thing about this book is another book.

The other book first. William Wiser is the author of a novel called *Disappearances*, which came out in the USA in 1980 but which has never been published here. *Disappearances* is set in Paris during the 'crazy years' of this new non-fiction work: the 1920s, when anything up to 40,000 Americans were living there, many of them artists, writers, *amateurs* or literary would-bes. Although the ambience is well established, Wiser's novel is the best and most original treatment of it. It is a Fowlesian story of a young American writer, working as a newspaper journalist, who is drawn metaphysically into *l'affaire Landru*, the seedy popular sensation of the decade in which a dozen lonely women were murdered by Henri Landru. The notable quality of the novel is its writing: with economy, wit and immense compassion, the complex Parisian society is deftly drawn, with all its conceits, richness and paradox. One day, someone will publish the novel here, but until then a few glimpses of it can be found in *The Crazy Years*.

Those glimpses come in the Epilogue: the author's personal journey through present-day Paris, revisiting the shrines of the past. Something comes across of what it was that drew Americans to Paris: the love-hate of European life, the bookshops, the café society, the coming and going of friends. The major part of this beautifully printed and designed book is a retelling of those familiar stories of Joyce, Beach, Stein, Toklas, Beckett, Dali, Hemingway, the Fitzgeralds, the Murphys, Cunard, Picasso, Ray, and many others. It's the sort of book you enjoy with the guilty feeling that many of these expatriates were wealthy and leisured, and that what they did was neither all that interesting nor nowadays all that important. They have become icons of a wished-for ideal, and the myths about them are now the substance of fiction. This was something that William Wiser well knew when he wrote his brilliant novel.

Christopher Priest

Prisons and Punishment in Scotland from the Middle Ages to the Present Day

JOY CAMERON *Canongate* £12.95

Joy Cameron, in this well researched and attractively presented book, provides the same service for Scotland as Seán McConville is in the process of providing for England and Wales. And deeply depressing it all is. Just as 'the most appalling death that has ever been devised in Scottish history' – that visited by the 'milk white lady' no less, on her husband's murderer – did nothing to stop Scotsmen killing their kings, so no subsequent punishment has deterred them from harming each other either when sober or, more commonly, when drunk. Four hundred years later the chances of being murdered in Scotland are four times greater than in England and the proportion of Scotsmen in prison is the highest among the countries of the EEC.

From Dr Cameron's pages there emanates an exasperated bleat of official despair at the failure of all the measures which have been used to stop Scotsmen doing each other a mischief. Neither the pit nor the gallows. Not imprisonment, transportation, the treadmill, torture. Not the separate, nor the solitary, nor the silent, nor the corporate system, presently enjoying a vogue in the ever optimistic USA. None of these has tended to reduce the incidence of crime among the poor, the emotionally immature, the physically impoverished or the emotionally backward who form the bulk of offenders.

Only in the identification and the education and protection of potential transgressors, and in reparation, first tried out in the Middle Ages, when one thousand cows cancelled out one dead ruler, does there seem to be any sense or hope. Meanwhile, with recidivism running at 75 per cent, it might help if a small proportion of the brighter graduates were to give themselves a life sentence in the prison service instead of wasting their sweetness on the desert air of social theory.

Certainly unless some pretty brisk steps are taken there seems every reason to suppose that it will remain as true of contemporary places of confinement, as it was of Reading gaol, that

It is only what is good in man,
That wastes and withers there.

Bruce Hepburn

A Future for Namibia: Mines and Independence

CIIR £2.95

Britain's major interest in Namibia is its mineral wealth. Had it not been for uranium, the UK might have done more to pressurise the South Africans into ending their illegal occupation. For Rio Tinto-Zinc, the Rossing mine is one of the money spinners – contributing 26 per cent of RTZ's profits from 4 per cent of its assets.

Less publicised than Rossing, however, is BP's involvement in Namibia. The UK Government-controlled oil company now owns Selection Trust, a mining house with a 14 per cent stake in Tsumeb Corporation. Tsumeb, which produces copper, lead, zinc and silver, is Namibia's largest employer. But, according to the Catholic Institute for International Relations study, minimum wages are still only 125 Rands a month – half the minimum recommended by the EEC.

Minerals constitute over 85 per cent of Namibia's exports. Until the recent slump in metal prices, mining provided up to half the regime's income. The latest CIIR study on Namibia's future therefore focuses on the territory's economic sector. *Mines and Independence* provides an excellent overview of Namibia's mineral wealth, and the opportunities and problems which SWAPO will face when freedom finally comes.

Taxes from mineral exports will offer a unique opportunity to fund a national development programme to meet basic needs. The problems abound. The lack of Namibian control over the mines calls for difficult changes. Managing a mineral-dependent economy, exposed to world booms and slumps, poses further problems. Even spreading the benefit of mineral revenue to the population as a whole is not easy. But CIIR concludes that 'there is considerable international experience available, and there can be little doubt that Namibia could look after its golden geese' after independence.

Martin Bailey

Every Mother's Son

JUDITH ARCANA *Women's Press* £11.95 & £4.95

Strangely enough, I found myself reading this book over a weekend staying with my mother. No doubt there was something 'significant' in that but *Every Mother's Son* makes little reference to psychoanalysis (Freud gets three pages as do Mark Twain and Arthur Miller). Like many American feminists, Arcana writes in a literary mode and, although labelled psychology, the book's style is foreign to that discipline. It is a work of politics and none the worse for that.

Every Mother's Son is also a very personal book. 'This book has been hard to write . . . [because] . . . the subject . . . is my son, Daniel.' Arcana writes acutely of the difficulties women face in bringing up a person of a gender that has power and possibilities beyond her own. There are no non-sexist models, as yet, for boys to aspire to. And, if there were, is it realistic for parents to socialise their sons in a non-sexism which, in some ways, is a denial of their maleness? Boys learn quickly from school, work, their mates how to survive in a misogynist world.

Arcana attempts to get to grips with these absurdly difficult questions by interviewing 60 mothers and 60 sons, and she reveals the hatred and resentment that underpin that impossible relationship. Throughout the book, there is the ghost of the missing father.

A difficulty with Arcana's method is that, as in Jeremy Seabrook's books, it is never clear whether the interviewees aren't vehicles for the author's own powerful and compelling ideas. Social science does have *some* advantages over literature and polemic. Also, it seems to me that the importance of our mothers is revealed more later in life, when we are men, than when we are young. It's a commonplace that heterosexual men usually look for their mothers in their lovers. By ignoring psychoanalytic theory, particularly the work of women analysts like Melanie Klein and Karen Horney, Arcana loses an important weapon in the fight to produce sons we can be proud of. Still, an essential book.

David Berry

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David Gilmour

"Amid the magma of barbarism and despair, it is David Gilmour who gets nearest the truth . . . his book is lucid, informative and concise." *The Guardian*

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ETHIOPIA
Tariq Ali

Absolutely

The Emperor: Downfall of An Autocrat
RYSZARD KAPUSCINSKI *Quartet* £7.95

This book is the most powerful work of non-fiction I have read in recent years; it is a stunning mosaic of history, journalism and literature. The author is a Polish journalist who covered wars and revolutions in the Third World for the Polish Press Agency till the fateful year of 1981. The subject is Ethiopia. *The Emperor* constitutes the elevation of oral history into an art form. It is a reconstruction of the last months of the feudal autocracy. Selassie was the last absolutist monarch of the modern world. Both he and feudalism are now dead. This book brings them back to life and, as one reads it, a series of images begins to take shape. The dramatic effect is so evocative that one begins to visualise Kapuscinski's subjects as characters in a Pontecorvo film.

Kapuscinski returned to Ethiopia after the fall of the *ancien regime* and set about recreating the last phase of the old kingdom. He discovered, through old contacts, the hiding places of the former inhabitants of the Palace, sought them out and persuaded them to talk. He then displayed his own skills by reconstructing the conversations and placing them in a particular order. The end result is a riveting, virtuoso performance. One wants to stand up and applaud loudly at the end.

We hear the innermost thoughts of the old courtiers, many of whom were reduced to whispers during the lifetime of Selassie. Kapuscinski helps them to pierce the former oppressive silences. Servants, ministers, *chefs de protocol* come to life for the first time. The dead monarch treated them as robots; the black Jacobins who overthrew him despised them for their servile acceptance of the old order. It has taken a Polish socialist to help them recover their dignity as human beings. We have before us a series of snapshots which reveal the interpenetration of state and personal power in a feudal society. A footman recounts the special technique of opening doors for His Majesty; a cushion-carrier explains why he is indispensable to the diminutive monarch. The thrones he sits on at home and abroad are of different sizes. Cushions are a permanent requirement so that the royal feet do not dangle loosely without touching the floor. From the very first page, the book is irresistible. It opens with the testimony of F.:

> It was a small dog, a Japanese breed. His name was Lulu. He was allowed to sleep in the Emperor's great bed. During various ceremonies, he would run away from the Emperor's lap and pee on dignitaries' shoes. The august gentlemen were not allowed to flinch or make the slightest gesture when they felt their feet getting wet. I had to walk among the dignitaries and wipe the urine from their shoes with a satin cloth. This was my job for ten years.

As the book moves along we get much more than a profile of a state on its last legs. We are shown Selassie not just as the Supreme Commander of all that he surveys, but as a ruthless and nasty politician. He fled his country when it was occupied by Mussolini. One of his first acts after the war was physically to eliminate those Ethiopian guerrilla leaders who had led the Resistance. We read of a number of brave attempts to get rid of him prior to 1974. Even through the congealed consciousness of the old courtiers there emerges a respect for those who fought. It is like the slave rebellions (slavery was abolished in Ethiopia only in 1950!) of the last century. Those who were too scared to join them were nonetheless deeply affected when their leaders were executed.

The society being described is undoubtedly feudal, but it is not an exact replica of the seigneurial domains of the 16th, 17th or 18th centuries. This is an antiquated social order but heavily circumscribed by the world in which it is placed. Leopards, after all, co-exist with the latest imported Rolls Royce. Selassie's passion for cars is demonstrated when he is finally taken off by the Dergue in a decrepit old Volkswagen. He expresses discontent: it is the only time he complains aloud while his regime is being destroyed.

Yet there is another dimension to this book. It is also an essay on the concentration of power, which does not apply simply to pre-capitalist Ethiopia. On occasion one is reminded of the *nomenklatura* system in Eastern Europe, reeking of corruption. Sometimes one thinks of a post-capitalist aberration that resembles feudalism in some respects: the Kim il Sung regime in North Korea, where the despot's family plays a vital role in the State and where the Son is now the Heir.

There are other passages where Kapuscinski describes the mutual suspicion between the three court factions: patricians, civil servants and the 'personal' people selected by the Emperor himself. Now one thinks of Thatcher's Britain: Carrington and Pym removed, civil servants humiliated after the Falklands and the 'personal' people in full sway (Lord Hugh Thomas, Paul Johnson, Alfred Sherman, *et al*). No, this book is not just about an African state.

I was so struck by Kapuscinski's creative imagination that I tried to picture him and I saw an image of the journalist in Wajda's film, *Rough Treatment*: a sensitive man with an incisive brain. I later discovered that the film was, in fact, based on Ryszard Kapuscinski. He has no equivalents, alas, in Fleet Street. □

Keith Bosley

Saturday night

(for Krysia Kocjan)

The din begins. Unusual words:
'O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms . . .'
It cannot be John Keats with steel
guitars and drums?

But listen . . . 'lily on thy brow . . .
a fading rose . . . a faery's child':
it is *La belle dame sans merci*
but wild, man, wild!

I have heard Stanford do his best
and Hindemith do what he can
but now it is the daughter of
a working man,

her name foreign enough to be
a native of this town, who sings
of the young hero in the dead
landscape and brings

a sudden lump to the throat. She takes
the poem at face value: here is
a ballad, and oblivious of
Romantic theories

she turns it straight into a song
and sings it straight to all these folk
who do not read – could not among
these lights, this smoke.

I have brought too much luggage here
I know, but luggage is not all
when the young woman on the stage
has me in thrall.

PAPERBACKS
Alan Brien

Committed

'FAREWELL, MY LOVELY' runs the *Express* headline alongside a snatched picture of the Cabinet Minister kissing goodbye to his dressing-gowned mistress, and his tattered career, on her doorstep. 'Anti-Bomb Mob on Rampage' (*Sun*) is one of many such front-page stories after a peaceful rally of more than a quarter of a million nuclear protesters in Hyde Park is disrupted by 'a bit of a punch-up' covertly organised by the Special Ops division of the security services.

Last week Chris Mullin's political thriller, **A Very British Coup** (Coronet £1.75), set in the months following the landslide election of 1989, gained a topicality even its author, with all his clairvoyance, could scarcely have anticipated.

Cecil Parkinson, clearly a non-reader, has already come, and gone. Those who have sampled its pages will now, forewarned, watch out for Mullin's give-away signs of undercover interlopers at Saturday's CND demo. What, unfortunately, remains wish-fulfilment fantasy is the book's basic premise – a landslide to the Left, bringing in, against all the predictions of pollsters and

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pundits, a Labour Government dedicated to pushing through a genuinely Socialist programme – though the aftermath has a terrible predictability. For a while, by guts and guile, the new rulers out-guess and out-box the Establishment saboteurs, awaking hopes that our side can still win, at least in fiction. But, in the end, the velvet hand becomes the iron fist and restores a *status quo* which is, as ever, the *status quid*.

Mullin's style is flat and usually plonking. He plays the typewriter like bar-room piano. Nevertheless, he creates a world of power struggle, in Downing Street and Whitehall, Fleet Street and Washington, instantly recognisable to anyone who understands the bitter realities hidden beneath the meringue of media confectionery.

On this side of the Atlantic anyway, such commitment in crime fiction is rare. Though P. D. James has a young woman detective in **The Skull Beneath The Skin** (Sphere £1.95), modern-miss Cordelia Gray stands out oddly against a country-house-traditional background of nobs and snobs where servants are quizzed about devotion to their masters, and the butler enters right with lines like 'Lady Ralston proposes to solace marital deprivation by inviting a secretary-companion.' Part of the appeal must lie in the dated trappings, and U-speak out of old *Tatler* volumes, ingeniously wheeled on and off by almost-invisible stage-hands, but I for one turn for a stronger fix to the *film-noir* mix, Forties-style, packaged four to the volume in the **Black Box** thrillers from Zomba Books, £5.95 each.

Here, half-forgotten virtuosoes of urban paranoia and backwoods psychosis like David Goodis and Cornell Woolrich, illegitimate half-brothers of Hammett and Chandler, propel their doomed and stricken protagonists through neon-lit mazes of corruption and conspiracy, where the rich are always rotten and the poor disarmed, while cops and robbers become interchangeable behind identical masks. It is no accident each of these eight has been filmed by directors like Hitchcock and Truffaut, giving them a stereoscopic strangeness to movie buffs who recall the screen images of *Phantom Lady* or *Rear Window*, while still playing anew in the cinema of the mind.

Simenon, by comparison, three of whose novellas from the Thirties have been re-issued as **Maigret at the Crossroads** (Penguin £3.50), now seems to me to have faded to a thin bundle of tricks. His device of confusing the reader by making his people subject to sudden fits of depression or manic verbosity at random now looks more like desperation than imagination, and his habit of stringing out . . . all conversations . . . followed by three different translators . . . by bursts of dots . . . as if they all spat when they talked . . . grows wearisome . . . Even in this trio, the same character-plot occurs twice, and it is disillusioning to find the supposed expert at police methods falling back on the faked shadow on the blind for an alibi, or the pistol fired by a spring-timer to make suicide seem like murder. Just how far Simenon, even at his peak, relied on double-bluff can be gauged from the ease with which titles are swapped – what in 1934 was *The Triumph of Inspector Maigret* is in 1983 called *Maigret Mystified*.

For use of language, new-minted rather than re-typed, each sentence showing the pressure of a mind at work, we can turn to three novels by young women authors. Maggie Gee's **Dying, In Other Words** (Granada £1.50) is a murder tale about a sex killer, full of experimental *nouvel-roman* invention, which nevertheless provides all the excitements and surprises of the genre, and more than matches P. D. James and Ruth Rendell.

Barbara Trapido's **Brother of the More Famous Jack** (Black Swan £2.50) contains no crime, at least of the kind reportable to the police, but its love story, packed with comic energy, is also veined with pain and danger, and written with a bruised, sometimes bemused, exuberance which is always endearing.

But the star of the trio is Shena Mackay with **An Advent Calender** (Bloodaxe £2.95). Here is writing which antedates the Martian School of poetry (first published 1971) but on every page releases the same pop-up surreal imagery, transforming the everyday into the bizarre and back again, throughout a gripping adventure of ordinary, extraordinary life where everything and nothing seems to be happening at once. It begins with a chopped-off finger getting into another customer's spaghetti bolognaise – now read on . . . as Simenon would say. □

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ROCK MUSIC
Mary Harron

Local hero

NEVER MIND the *Sunday Times* – did you see Boy George on the cover of *Woman* magazine? All in pink and blushing like a rose. He always did seem like an Eighties version of Cilla Black – the fan plucked from the audience and granted stardom – but it's a shock to find him following her path so closely, and so soon. Of course George is a better singer, but the parallel is in the way a performer with a gift for ordinariness is transformed into a British institution.

In spite of his androgyny and his exotic Blitz-kid past, George has always had the common touch; so much so that even the *Sun* couldn't put their heart into an attack, in spite of their cracks about 'the gender bender'. The best analysis of George's appeal came from the boy himself in an early interview: 'I'm an English eccentric in line with Irene Handl, Kenneth Williams, Barbara Cartland, Diana Dors . . .'

He's a bit homely, and the English don't really like glamour in their stars. He came out of young London fashion circles, but he's not intimidating because he's not a bit snobbish about style. And he's not in the least bit sexy: if you had a fantasy about Boy George it would be about having a cup of tea and gossip in the kitchen. He could do a guest spot on *Coronation Street*.

The Boy George persona exists quite independently from his records with Culture Club, which are immaculately produced, wistful Pop Soul. The voice is a fan's imitation of a Tamla Motown falsetto, and quite lovely; it created his stardom, but by now it's icing on the cake. If his career lasts it will be because he has that magic combination of being outrageous and reassuring at the same time.

But if he does last a price will be paid, which is where the *Woman* article comes in. The interviewer was obviously charmed, and it's rather unnerving to see how easily George fits into the magazine's house style. He was more circumspect than with the *Sunday Times:*

> I've had relationships with men. But after a while I thought, this is the most boring thing. It was like eating a bag of crisps, it meant nothing. And I just thought yukkh! So I stopped doing it and started going out with girls.

This is wonderful copy, but it's also a completely new, re-edited version of his life. In previous interviews he was always bisexual, although the more famous he gets the vaguer his answers have become. Now homosexuality has been put in a safer place: the past.

He told *Woman* that he doesn't have sex any more and yes, some day he will marry because he would like to have children (he used to say he'd like to have a baby himself), but he doubts if he'll ever find the right person . . . It could all be true but I don't believe a word of it. Particularly as it follows such an established showbusiness pattern – from Liberace on – for getting out of awkward questions. I'm glad Boy George has made it (he's our best new pop star on his records alone) but it's depressing to see how easily British showbusiness can assimilate disturbing elements: turning a rare and original character into a 'character', a cosy formula.

By this time, last year's phenomenon, August Darnell alias Kid Creole, has been and gone. His wave has crested, even though the new album *Doppelgänger* has a melancholy appeal. It was one of the great record industry hypes of our time: part of the reason for Darnell's success was that Island Records flew so many journalists, myself included, to New York for the story.

Syndication International

Boy George: an ordinary English eccentric

British rock journalists are infatuated with New York, Darnell is a brilliantly manipulative interviewee, and everyone (myself included) left feeling that he or she was the most perceptive writer he had ever met, the only one to understand his genius. And wrote drivel.

There was something desperate in Darnell's image-making, perhaps because he waited too long for success. The costumes and the theories and the stylisation made a perfect media package, but they boxed him in: the Creole character was too much of a cartoon, it left no room to move. And yet there was always something touching about Kid Creole, because there was always a genuine talent there, a true lyrical gift. Maybe now he will write that Broadway musical, ideally with his brother Stony Browder – the greater talent of the two – whose collaborations are the best thing on *Doppelgänger*. A final word: however frantic the promotion was, I think Kid Creole really hit by accident. What made his success was not the music press but the fact that he coincided with the suburban cocktail boom. Kid Creole became associated with a notion of breezy, cosmopolitan fun – with piña coladas, or the noxious British imitation thereof.

Elvis Costello no longer has an image, apart from his increasing plumpness, and his album *Beat the Clock* is perfect craftsmanship; but more than that, because he's never lost a fan's enthusiasm. And he can *sing*. Among 12 inches I'd recommend the Clark Sisters' 'You Brought the Sunshine into My Life', gospel ecstasy in a disco hit, and Marcia Griffiths's wonderfully eccentric 'Electric Boogie', reggae goes New York funk. And the Planet Patrol record, just to be in the fashion. □

FILMS
John Coleman

Chic to chic

At First Sight (15)
Academy One
La Traviata (U)
Odeon, Haymarket
Class (15)
Leicester Square Theatre
National Lampoon's Vacation (15) *Warner, etc.*
Bullshot (PG)
Classic, Haymarket

Truffaut brought it off triumphantly with *Les 400 Coups*, surely one of the greatest first films of all time, but bitter viewing experience shows that – more usually – fictionalised autobiography is the road to runes, if not absolute ruin. The 'I'-witness has lived too close to the cherished facts to get down to the business of organising them, has recourse to unwitting privacies of shorthand, litters the screen with symbols that resound in a void. It was a pleasant surprise, then, to find Diane Kurys' 1977 debut as writer-director, *Diabolo Menthe*, when it finally surfaced at the Minema three years ago, such an assured and attractive excursion around the pitfalls of personal history. Avowedly based on memory, the sharply observant little movie followed the fortunes of two teenage daughters of divorced parents during a Parisian school year in the early Sixties: menarche for the younger, mutinous politics at the *lycée* for the elder, mutual unease when dimmish papa lunches them both and Tells a Joke.

So much is prologue to Kurys' latest backward dip into family matters, **At First Sight** *(Coup de Foudre)*, which – among other things – fills us in on the meeting, marriage and subsequent falling out of those parents and, this time round, rather threatens to lose us in its opening passages. Concerned to get the record straight, the director (Alain Le Henry co-wrote the affair with her) plonks us down in a Vichy internment camp where Lena (Isabelle Huppert), Belgian-Jewish, weds a French legionnaire, Michel (Guy Marchand), only to discover to

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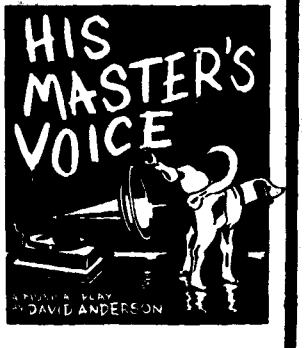

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her near-comic rage that his name sounds even more Jewish than hers. Reconciled, they make a hazardous, snowbound trek to the Italian frontier. This breathless stuff is intercut with the war-time fate of a young art-school student, Madeleine (Miou-Miou), whose brand-new husband is killed in Lyons during a skirmish between resistance and militia. Suddenly, grimness goes; a Glenn Miller tune, dancing in the streets, balloons drift down in front of an Ecole des Filles.

A title, LYONS 1952; a masked tot mimes a Chevalier song on that school platform; and Lena and Madeleine meet in the audience. *This* is where the film proper begins, since it is the swiftly developing relationship between the two mamas – Lena has two little daughters now and Madeleine, re-married to a shiftless actor, Costa (Jean-Pierre Bacri), a wet little son – which beautifully holds centre-stage. Madeleine is the egger-on: 'You're not made for each other,' she murmurs to her new friend after meeting Michel, a successful garage-owner and devoted papa, and, far from demurring, Lena wickedly blossoms under the other woman's happy-go-lucky, affectionate tutelage. Madeleine borrows her flat to bed the heroic art-teacher seen in that prefatory footage; Michel returns unexpectedly to surprise them; the other fellow departed, he grabs Madeleine himself in an embrace all too clearly engendered by his jealousy of her intimacy with his wife.

But that intimacy is a hovering, hesitant business sexually, with Lena, half-amused, confessing, 'I feel like kissing you', when her flighty pal takes overnight refuge from Costa with her, but settling for a head on shoulder. Kurys plays marvellously with hinted cross-currents of emotion; and with the larger hint that the women – their dreams of running a smart boutique together doomed to achieve only a tragic half-realisation – are as much motivated by a mutually supportive attack of the Emma Bovarys as by the lesbianism Michel is wreckingly to accuse them of. What's more, the director shows a fine and humorous compassion in both her control of actors and the breadth of her imaginative sympathy. Huppert and Miou-Miou play their provincial elegants to the life, helped by an excellent sense of Fifties fripperies; but the men are no ogres. Jean-Pierre Bacri seizes his rueful moments of farce as he gets lumbered with a huge consignment of one-sleeved GI shirts. And Guy Marchand, in the seemingly ungrateful role of Lena's tormented husband, is allowed a perilous dignity throughout, a put-upon decency which his small daughters recognise and love him for, right down to a last futile bid, scampering with them into the sea, to hold his torn marriage intact. After a stuttering start, this is a thoroughly humane, engaging and accomplished work.

Franco Zeffirelli's **La Traviata,** 'written, designed and directed' by the aforementioned, with 'original music' by Giuseppe Verdi, is not The Travesty – as such unfortunate credits might lead one to fear. It hardly could be with a Violetta of the vocal and physical attributes of poignantly stunning Teresa Stratas, who coughs her part and heart out with a difference. (In fact, she coughs very little. Zeffirelli has seen fit greatly to reduce the bedridden pathos and the Doctor's function in the last act.) This Violetta is for once well matched by a credible Alfredo, magnificently sung by Placido Domingo. No opera buff, I enjoyed myself as long as I concentrated on this extraordinary pair, and the attendant Verdi. The notion of using the prelude as flash-forward, so that the camera traverses acres of the dying Violetta's sheeted apartment while removal men come and go, only began to pall with the dwelt-on intrusion of a handsome young mover, gazing languishingly at the consumptive, beaming near the close as Alfredo turns up for the ultimate clinch.

Deliberate brevities: Lewis John Carlino's **Class** is there to afford the unwary another of those transatlantic stares at what transpires in and around a posh educational establishment. Preparing for Harvard at Vernon Academy are scholarship boy Andrew McCarthy, a kind of plain Dustin Hoffman, and scrummy, wealthy, red-lipped and fun-loving Rob Lowe. Funded by Lowe on a virginity-losing weekend in Chicago, McCarthy finds himself bemusedly doing it in a lift and elsewhere with delicious Jacqueline Bisset, who should really start reading her scripts first. It transpires Bisset is Lowe's somewhat neurotic mum. Mrs Robinson was more fun. **National Lampoon's Vacation** has a lacklustre Chevy Chase hugging some secret joke as he drives his family on a disaster-strewn safari from Chicago (again) to a Californian amusement park which turns out to be as closed as the movie. **Bullshot,** would-be Bulldog Drummond spoof, needs only a minimal adjustment to its title. □

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Masterpieces
SARAH DANIELS *Royal Court Upstairs*
The Little Shop of Horrors
HOWARD ASHMAN and ALAN MENKEN *Comedy*
Volpone
BEN JONSON *The Other Place, Stratford*
Sleeping Policemen
HOWARD BRENTON and TUNDE IKOLI *Foco Novo tour*

A joke at a dinner party, told by a man: two nuns are ambushed and raped while away from the convent. 'How are we to go back and admit we've been raped twice?' asks one. The other points out they've only been raped once. 'But we're going to go back the same way, aren't we?'

Rowena, the unpoliticised social worker (I suppose there still are some) who acquiesces in a small fusillade of such gags at the start of **Masterpieces,** later hisses out the last line of Sarah Daniels's disturbing play. By then she's in prison, for pushing a man who approached her at a tube station under an approaching train. What brought her to this screaming pitch? Pornography, 'marital aids' shops, male violence against women in the form of a snuff movie and 'misogynist jokes'.

Masterpieces is a deeply didactic play, by which I mean not only that it aims to teach but that it is seen to do so; that characters and plot are forced this way and that to serve the author's purpose and that the actual narrative meant to carry the message very rarely seems inevitable. Pornography, jokes and violence remain connected only because Ms Daniels says they are.

It remains, however, a very lively play, consistently provocative and often very funny. It contains a number of monologues which, although spoken in character, are too often there only as corroborative evidence, quotations in support of the main argument. But one, delivered by Patti Love almost as stand-up comedy, is worth the entrance money on its own. It's a prostitute's account of the teenage years in which she became an unofficial world authority on contraception, to the point at which she wanted to call a house after the particularly genteel brand name of one sort of foam.

Perhaps it is to be expected that male characters fail to come to life, more so that a male critic would say so. But my objection to the two young husbands, one your standard brutish sexist and the other a 'liberal' seeking brownie points for every washed crock and every avocado scooped out for dinner, is not that they are stereotypes so much as that they are unthought and unfelt. And so, much of the time, are the women, despite the camouflage of passionate performances by Kathryn Pogson as the hero, Patti Love and Shirley Dixon. They didn't make me uneasy enough; they didn't clear up the many doubts in my mind about pornography; they didn't justify Ms Daniels's optimistic faith in the solidarity of all women; and they didn't make me believe, any more than usual, the 'They must hate us' line when it duly turned up in the second half.

The point is that Ms Daniels may well be right in all her perceptions, but to make the case stick theatrically she surely needs to trust the characters and the storyline she can certainly create and allow the polemic to take care of itself. I hope I am present when she brings it off.

There is a running gag in **The Little Shop of Horrors** about male violence. The heroine's first entry is with a black eye, the second with an arm in a sling; she sings plaintively of the misfortune of dating a sadist, and she gets a laugh. If you think this is inoffensive fun and it doesn't mean anything that the man-eating plant which is the true star of the show is given a woman's name, then this short, slick entertainment may be a suitable alternative to pantomime for jaded 12-year-olds, or jaded 12-year-old minds.

Howard Ashman's book and Alan Menken's music are school of *Rocky Horror Show*: camp affection rather than genuine satire. If you recall the black female groups

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of two decades ago, and I tell you that the three chorus girls here are called Crystal, Chiffon and Ronette, you will know what the music is like. It remains to be said that the show is staged with immense style and always remains true to its own intentions. The plant, growing from small and cuddly succulent to something rather like Jaws, also sings like Wilson Pickett and brings the house down. The whole thing is based on the Roger Corman film of the same name and is as conventionally horrific as a reasonably good Ghost Train.

Volpone has rather weightier claims to the title of satire, but in Bill Alexander's production it seems every second of its three-and-three-quarter-hour length, and seems to have played all its cards in the moral argument about who is most dislikeable, the con-man or his greedy victim, very early on. The nearest it comes to shocking the audience is when Richard Griffiths, whose massive frame contrasts with considerable delicacy as an actor, reveals the quite ruthless lust of Volpone. But the best laugh of the evening, apart from one for a bit of collapsing furniture, was for a planned piece of business when the only innocent couple around make their heroic exit upstage only to discover they have left by the wrong door. I think Ben Jonson would have been depressed.

The British fringe has become such a formalised affair that it hardly seemed surprising at all to be watching a portrait of Peckham in a theatre in Hull, which is where I caught Foco Novo's tour of **Sleeping Policemen** (it goes to Norfolk, Coventry, Colchester and London next).

The company set two writers to work on the piece in a mood of separate cooperation to get two perspectives in the same piece of work. The result seems under- rather than over-written. The first half consists almost entirely of speeches by individuals to the audience: no dialogue. Life may be like that, but the theatre is usually more fun. I got the feeling that the actors had been sent out to research the characters they were to play, and their findings had somehow turned into a script.

It all comes to life at a public meeting called by a Labour councillor to discuss whether to put those bumps in the road they call sleeping policemen. This is not the real issue but personal contact in a community apparently rich in disparate character is. It is unfortunate for the play, though not perhaps for Peckham, that the liveliest character around is the utterly unpleasant young man (Craig Crosbie) who is something in TV and who is hot-footing it back to Regent's Park now that his flat has been burgled and the idea of slumming no longer seems fun. I liked, too, the potty poet (Alfred Fagon) who has called his dogs War and Peace and for whom all words are potentially explosive: 'wildlife' he exclaims when someone suggests zebra crossings.

It's the conscientious social realism that weighs **Sleeping Policemen** down in Roland Rees's production, though it is often well-acted, good-humoured and agreeably unsentimental. □

TELEVISION
Hugo Williams

Whose babies?

'THIS PARTY isn't in the business of stealing babies and using them for toilet paper', bellows the politician to his rapt colleagues. 'This party is in the business of wishing everyone a very merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.' (Thunderous applause! Bravo!) We read in the new biography that Mrs Thatcher is terrified of getting old. How long does she imagine she's got, poor thing? Considering her age, it's surprising she isn't more tolerant of the NHS. 'This government isn't in the business . . .' O yes it is, madam, according to **The Nation's Health** (C4) anyway.

'I'm afraid we couldn't do anything for you before Christmas, Mrs Grant. On the other hand, were you to consult me privately I could fit you in before my NHS list on Thursday.' Alas, Mrs Grant's troubles aren't over. The extended close-up of her stomach being slit open at random and casually groped like a Christmas stocking became comic finally: 'Let's take out her box! [womb] Her gall bladder popped up out of nowhere! Jenny, you're falling asleep.

Soho What?

If you can answer writer and Soho habitué Jeffrey Bernard's question in the Great Spectator Car Chase Competition you could win the mint condition 1934 Daimler limousine that's first prize.

The Spectator
75p weekly.

Competition runs from October 21st for eight weeks.

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This is a *private* patient.' It seems even BUPA can't save us from the smooth young men who are carving up our hospitals to indulge their reputation-building hobbies. 'I'm afraid there just isn't the money to turn Nightingale into a gynae unit. The facilities are so bad I suppose it might do for chronic geriatrics.' 'I was quite impressed with Militine,' says a freeloading quack. 'Your firm always puts on the best lunches, Randolph.' He gets a carriage clock for providing five guinea pigs for the drug. Feeling all right? When they say things like 'We're going to pop you into theatre, tidy up your insides, then pop you on a course of drugs that should help your bit of trouble' you have to keep comforting yourself that it's only a story.

Mrs Shallcross is rightly terrified of having her baby in hospital. 'I'm going to give you something for your anxiety,' says the over-worked, over-tired, over-aged GP, who advises her wrongly. The birth, when it happens, is enough to put you off kissing permanently, let alone starting a family. Induction fails, a caesarean is started, then abandoned. 'This is the foetal monitor, Mrs Shallcross. You won't feel anything.' 'Will the baby?' 'Only a slight prick.' (Close-up of the barbed spike that will be junior's introduction to the world.) Pretty soon there is 'Foetal distress type 2', not to mention Audience distress type 100. Forceps are used, but baby turns out to be premature after all. She is whisked away for revival. A woman doctor tries to tell the despairing mum what is going on. 'We don't talk to mothers like that, Doctor,' says the nurse. 'Baby's lovely, Mrs Shallcross.' Mrs Shallcross is soon in deep post-natal depression, as was I.

The Spectre of Marxism (C4) was a snappy little refresher course, beginning with the beard in Highgate and ending with the moustache at Gdansk. Marx thought capitalism contained the seeds of its own destruction, but he underestimated its rat-like power to evolve. We visited the deserted factory of his benefactor, Engels. In one corner a young man has started a company marketing computers which monitor snooker-table usage. This was a stroke of luck for the film. It traced one of the gadgets to a snooker hall and interviewed one of the young men made redundant by the very forces that had produced it. The capitalist sausage grinder etc. (graphics of same).

After the ads, the rest of the film was about the decline of the communist ideal in Russia. How Stalinism, the deformity of communism, confronted Fascism, the deformity of capitalism; how socialism came to Eastern Europe not as Marx had predicted by a popular uprising, but by military force. After the revolt in East Germany in 1953, Brecht suggested that the government might like to dissolve the people and elect another one. The same could be said of Dubcek's '68 and Walesa's '79.

In **The Auden Landscape** (BBC-2) Robert Robinson talked a lot of nonsense about W. H. Auden being the most distinguished poet to write in English since the death of Tennyson. He would. The film then concentrated on the topographical side of the poetry, limestone hills, rushing rivers, etc, all of which finally showed up in the landscape of his face apparently. Very 'televisual', but happily overshadowed by the two-edged reminiscences of his friends. Robert Medley remembered Mrs Auden finding a love poem that had been written to him. He and Wystan had to report to Mr Auden and give assurances that they hadn't had sex together and that the relationship would continue on a platonic basis. What a scream. Stephen Spender remembered Auden's 'Boys Had' list and how Auden could take a clinical interest in his many affairs. 'The prep school atmosphere! That's what we want!' cried Auden as he and Isherwood worked on a play.

He seems to have been most at home as a master at The Downs prep school, where he appeared as his own mother in the school concert, singing 'I love to wander in the Rhondda with my Rhondda boy'. Spender was there: 'I never wanted to go back. I felt it was dangerous.' Dangerous or attractive? 'He went on to Spain and I think they realised he wasn't very good at driving ambulances. He had a religious awakening.' Auden's brother remembered him dressing up as a Spanish Catholic priest afterwards. He was unforgiving about Auden's flight to America: 'My father was an air-raid warden at 68'.

As time goes by, that fatal trip looks more and more like the end of Auden's creative life. He solidified in the glow of American adulation and was disappointed not to receive it when he returned to England. Oxford had to put up with drunken boy-talk, friends with a schoolmasterly clock-watching: the prep school atmosphere! □

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2793 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

Time to see if any of you out there are still up to creating the short, sharp joke with a return to the old punning question and answer game. Examples: Who hates trumpets? Gericault.' 'What's the secret of Italian cooks? Pasternak.' As many goes as you like, by 4 November.

No 2790 **Set by Snubbin**

Extracts from travel brochures which interpret the 'literary' in 'literary weekends' generously.

Report **By Mercy Dash**

I'm terribly sorry to hear that Mr Squiffy's had a nasty accident (don't worry; he is still alive), but it's rather fun to be allowed actually to judge the comp again. I mustn't go on, though, because you really did rather well this time so I'd better leave plenty of room for you. I think you deserve a couple of wellingtons each.

The Bloomsbury weekend finishes with a visit to the now legendary Old Comp Complex in Lincoln's Inn Fields (overlooking the netball arena). This wonderful example of Bauhaus architecture is preserved as a museum of the Golden Age of the Weekend Comp. The visitor can spend hours browsing among the unique collection of memorabilia. The Concourse is dominated by the Epstein bust of Allan M. Laing, whose gold-plated fountain pen is embedded in an onyx holder on the plinth; the Fagg postcards form a collection on their own; and Parrott's rhyming dictionary (standing, by a quirk in the filing system, alongside Partridge's Dictionary of Slang) is another fascinating object, with its quaint annotations. More sinister highlights are the Plagiarism Dossier (which contains some surprisingly eminent names!) and the infamous 'Black File' of suppressed entries (including the notorious ACRONYM comp) locked with a silver key, and awaiting release on the fifty-year rule.

GERARD BENSON

All aboard the Blyton Belle for the jolliest adventure you've ever had! Enidites from all over the country will gather at Victoria and, five to a compartment, head for the coast. There'll be buns and pop all round as we leave London. When you speed through Surrey you'll get the chance to tip the grumpy old grown-up of a ticket collector off the train. How you'll all laugh. Then, of course, lunch! A plump and cheery working-class woman will bring you thickly-buttered fresh bread, home-made pork pies, lashings of sticky jam and really wobbly jelly. What a grand feast you'll all have. When you get to the seaside a jolly game of Hunt the Gollywog will be followed by a super bonfire with the Golly as a guy. (And serve him right!) Before returning there'll be a picnic that will make your eyes pop out.

N. J. WARBURTON

One weekend soon, be swiftly waft along, upon the Golden Wings of British Rail to see the secret haunts of Patience Strong, to see her sylvan moss-prank'd dale. Her gardens bright with sun and flowers, with peace you never will forget, her solace for her saddest hours (Free Film Show Night, if it is wet). Wander her winding country lane, that oft inspired her little books, that smiles its welcome after rain in dappled glades and leafy nooks. Beside a gentle village green, an oak-beamed tavern waits your stay. It's like some land of might-have-been (Free Travellers' Fare you'll get each way). Here come and sup your wine or ale, as oft your poetess besought thee. A weekend dream by British Rail, with olde-worlde aid from Trust House-Forte.

MAUD GRACECHURCH

I just know that you will love reliving your favourite literary highlights in our wonderful weekend tours of Mills and Boon country (around Croydon). Featuring these magic memories: the church where rather serious, grey-eyed Vanessa allowed herself to be trapped by wealth and power into a loveless marriage; the tennis-court where Caroline lost her game and her heart to furious, autocratic Dane Beaumont; Gatwick airport, the start of raven-haired Laura's first exciting journey with glamorous society photographer Marcos (who hardly noticed her) to his island paradise and unexpected love; the hospital ward where nurse Rebecca hopelessly, recklessly, unrewinnably lost her heart to desperately injured racing-driver Nigel Slam . . . and many, many more such heart-warming moments.

SUSIE HOOPER

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FIRST PERSON

Bill Greenwell

Letters to the editor

I HAVE NEVER had a letter published in a daily paper. Mind you, this is pretty much my own fault, since I am not conscious of ever writing one. Like most people, I suspect, I frequently sit about thinking up witty squibs which would just fill the spare inch of column beneath the long letter from 17 bishops; but I never get around to posting them.

The letters page of *The Times* is of course redoubtable, as an excellent second selection by Kenneth Gregory, *The Second Cuckoo**, proves. But even the *Sunday Express* has its moments, although the pleasure is of a different order. What intrigues me is what possible motive inspired the following writer to confide in so many millions of readers. Here is a Mrs Hughes, published by Sir J. Junor on 17 July 1983:

> Recently my sister and I spent a holiday together. On unpacking and placing our bedtime reading on the bedside tables, we noticed that we both had the same library books. Seeing we live miles apart and that our taste in literature is usually completely different,

wait for it,

> this must be sheer coincidence.

I dare you to disagree.

The letters pages are always a safe haven. Even the repeated entries from Larry Adler cannot diminish the mad pleasure of those printed in *Private Eye*. The most laughable local rags can generally turn up a gem, and one doesn't need to be Nicolas Walter to delight an unseen public. Here in Exeter, we have our own champion, a gentleman by the name of Harry Ladbrook, who spends the greater portion of his time scribbling impassioned pleas of intensely topical and even local interest. One publication to which I regularly contribute, the *Exeter Flying Post*, seven years old and still going, is a Harry addict. Here he is at his best:

> Deafness and hard of hearing have been with us for centuries but it is more prevalent nowadays due to the excessive noise that assails our ears from early morn to late at night, day in and day out, month after month, year on year! . . . It is vital that we reduce all this uproar before we really do lose our sense of hearing! We should start on this so-called singing, particularly female voices in the early morning! Control all amplification used by bands! Increase taxation on all sectors of sound distribution – noise nuisance!

Brecht at his most stentorian couldn't have punched the message home harder.

Sometimes the pleasures of letters to the Editor lie in the pithy brevity of the comment. I remember a letter in the *Telegraph* from a retired military man, in the wake of the Longford Report's remarks that *Up Pompeii* was 'smutty, uproarious, and liable to corrupt'. The letter snapped back: '*Up Pompeii* is not smutty, uproarious, and liable to corrupt. It is jolly good fun.'

But the badinage of a long-running correspondence is of course more appealing still. *The Second Cuckoo* has some splendid exchanges on the subjects of turn-ups, the correct way to close a letter and the origin of the word 'marmalade'. Sometimes, of course, it's a bit frustrating since, in the heat of the fray, one wants to chip in. There was a sequence recently in the *Guardian*, some of which I missed, as to why various remnants of the '60s found around Stonehenge described themselves as 'Wallies'. Well, I could have told them. (You guessed it, I'm using my column inches to write to the *Guardian*.) What happened was this: at the Isle of Wight Festival 1970 someone became separated from his pal Wally. In among half a million indolent rock fans, there's nothing else for it. You call out. As he did, most plaintively: 'Waaaaaaaaaally!' Upon which, some sunstruck wiseacre lyingly called back 'Over here!', and in no time at all impostor Wallies took up the strain from all corners of the throng. This cry then became the call-sign, cue for a knowing laugh, etc, in succeeding extravaganzas wherever hundreds of thousands of music specialists met in a muddy expanse.

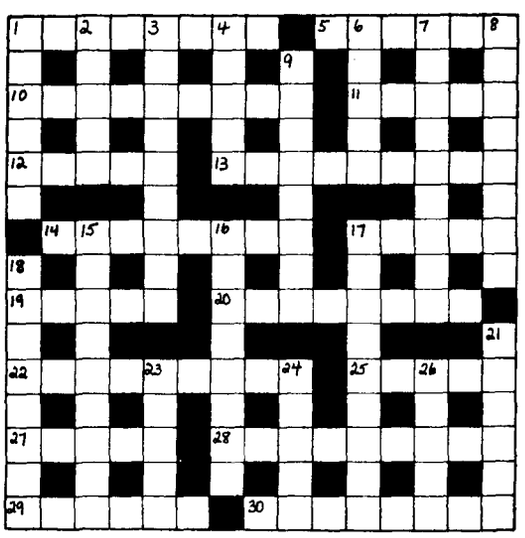
The Second Cuckoo is perhaps at its best when offering useless info, as when someone (named, incredibly, W. Greenwell Lax, a personage I've not encountered since school reports) writes in during 1938 to let us know that the Trinity College, Cambridge, clock strikes twice. And those old favourites, misleading notices, are well represented in Mr Gregory's brilliant anthology by a Mr M. L. Charlesworth, who noted in 1973 the following London Transport effort: 'Gent's and lift out of order; please use the stairs.'

I have a couple of favourites myself, which I'll pass on. There was a posh pub near Oxford some years ago which sported the sign 'Ye Olde Coaching Inn'. Hard by the notice was another, terser announcement: 'No Coaches'. And only the other week, driving through Sprotborough, South Yorks., I managed only with difficulty to remain on the road; for there stood a sign announcing EAR-PIERCING WHILE-U-WAIT. Now there's a novelty! □

*The Second Cuckoo, *a new selection of letters to* The Times, *edited by Kenneth Gregory, Allen and Unwin, £7.95.*

Weekend Crossword 1418

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1418, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 1 November.



ACROSS

1. Noisy point on an aircraft (8)
5. Caught, cut up and prepared for eating (6)
10. African country is by Asian reformed (9)
11. Pronounce extreme (5)
12. Beating often felt by hands (5)
13. It takes time and money to produce evidence of faulty washers (9)
14. Part of weapon I preserve for the defence (8)
17. As a means of going up I get in the best player (5)
19. His field is in Hampshire (5)
20. See an object, finding it objectionable (8)
22. Some have legs and others powers of attraction (9)
25. Hurt when a young man embraces me (5)
27. Sailors who address a goddess in writing (5)
28. Material for one who survives without a degree (9)
29. Headless and torn asunder, is still looked after in hospital (6)
30. Showed signs of corruption, making the fool embarrassed (8)

DOWN

1. Impresses as material for collectors (6)
2. To produce a golden egg give up this coin (5)
3. Tear apart since different brides are upset about me being married (9)
4. Composition for the violin one teaches beginners (5)
6. Make plant refuse to pull large number (5)
7. Novelist without a time for a pipe (9)
8. Father upside down in the fish looks ridiculous (8)
9. Shrub which turns red again (8)
15. Instrument I encountered when going in to change (9)
16. Food mentioned in King's Regulations? (8)
17. Although a commentator, in the end I appear in the final (9)
18. An example of mortals by epics transformed (8)
21. The trouble with blushing when one is so much admired (6)
23. Woman goes up and swallows one in church (5)
24. Specify condition (5)
26. One who has sex is one who has children (5)

SETSQUARE

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

OV SELECTION CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.) Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London, SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

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A working knowledge of a European language other than English would be an advantage. The opportunity to register for a higher degree may be available.

Application forms may be obtained from the Establishment Office, PCL, 309 Regent Street, London W1R 8AL. Closing date: 8 November 1983.

PRODUCT AND EMPLOYMENT DEVELOPMENT IN NORTH AND EAST LONDON

London is embarking on an ambitious programme of industrial regeneration and creation of socially useful jobs. **The Product and *Employment Development Network for North and East London* (PEDNNEL)** will play an important role in this programme. It is an initiative bringing together educational bodies, local councils, trade unions and community groups.

Product Development Workshops are due to open in Islington next February. PEDNNEL now requires two key people who will be directly responsible to PEDNNEL's Board of Directors:

(1) The Technical Co-ordinator will be responsible for the Co-ordination of staff and day-to-day running of the workshops.
***(2) The Outreach Co-ordinator will be responsible for developing* projects and products with a variety of trade union and community groups and for liaison with polytechnics, universities and other institutions.**

The Technical Co-ordinator is likely to come from a practical engineering background with appropriate professional qualifications **OR** industrial experience. Experience of project and product development is preferred. The Outreach Co-ordinator may come from a Technical or Trade Union/Community background with experience of commercial aspects and social effects of Technology.

For both posts Trade Union experience and an ability to communicate technical ideas with non-specialists essential.

Salary will be in the range of **£10,000-£12,500**, with starting point according to experience.

Secondment or job-share may be considered.

The PEDNNEL project is funded by the Greater London Enterprise Board.

Details and application form from: PEDNNEL, c/o CAITS, Polytechnic of North London, Holloway Road, London N7 8DB.

Closing date for applications: 21 November 1983.

PEDNNEL is an equal opportunity employer and welcomes applications from women, ethnic minorities and the disabled.

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Write to: Simon Bryceson, Friends of the Earth, 377 City Road, London EC1V 1NA, or phone 01-837 0731.

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RESEARCH ASSISTANT post sought by female graduate currently working as freelance translator of French. Tel: 01-940 6422.

MAJOR DOMO: London based gentle man seeks position; excellent cook, trained nurse, thorough knowledge of London, driver, exemplary references provided. Box 6790.

Melbourne College of Advanced Education

DIRECTOR

Melbourne College of Advanced Education was established on 1 January, 1983, amalgamating Melbourne State College and the Institute of Early Childhood Development, which were founded in 1870 and 1917 respectively.

Its campuses are located in Carlton, Kew and Abbotsford. The 1983 enrolment is 4510 students. It offers a wide range of undergraduate studies in art and crafts, liberal arts, business studies, the sciences and child care, together with professional studies in education. Post-graduate studies are available in Education (masters degree) and in Computer Education, Drama in Education, Education, Human Relationships Education, Inter-ethnic Studies and Education, Librarianship, Mathematical Sciences, Mathematics Education, Special Education, Adolescent and Child Psychology, Curriculum, Educational Studies, Child Development, Infant Education, Movement and Dance (graduate diplomas). Within the College there is an Institute comprising that part of the College which is concerned with pre-school education, care and development, and with the special services, research and courses of study in those areas.

The Council invites applications for the position of:

DIRECTOR

Duties: The Director is the chief executive officer of the College and is responsible to Council for the effective functioning of the College. In conjunction with the respective College boards and committees, the Director advises Council on academic, financial, staffing, administrative and planning policy and is responsible for implementing Council decisions through decentralised administrative structures. The Director is expected to promote the development of the College at both State and Commonwealth levels.

Qualifications: Applicants should have distinguished records in tertiary education, preferably including an involvement with teacher education or early childhood education and development and should possess excellent academic qualifications. Evidence of outstanding executive and organisational ability is essential.

It is hoped that the appointee will take up duties by mid-1984.

The College reserves the right to appoint by invitation.

Salary: $A55,627 p.a.

Closing Date: Friday, 2 December, 1983.

Full details concerning the position, conditions of employment, information about the College and method of application may be obtained from:

Mr. N.A. Smith,
Chairman of Council,
Melbourne College of Advanced Education
Box Number 374,
Post Office, Carlton South, Vic. 3053.
Australia.
(Telephone (03) 341 8645).
Melbourne College of Advanced Education is an equal opportunity College.

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For a detailed job specification and application form send an sae to the Personnel Office, Amnesty International, 1 Easton Street, London WC1X 8DJ, or telephone 01-833 1771 ext. 5144 or 5147.

amnesty international

Closing date for the return of completed application forms: 11 November, 1983.

Melbourne College of Advanced Education

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (IECD)

Melbourne College of Advanced Education was established on 1 January, 1983, amalgamating Melbourne State College and the Institute of Early Childhood Development, which were founded in 1870 and 1917 respectively.

Its campuses are located in Carlton, Kew and Abbotsford. The 1983 enrolment is 4510 students. It offers a wide range of undergraduate and postgraduate studies in art and crafts, liberal arts, business studies, the sciences and child care, together with professional studies in education. Within the College there is an Institute comprising that part of the College which is concerned with pre-school education, care and development, and with the special services, research and courses of study in those areas.

The Council invites applications for the position of:

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (IECD)

Duties: The Assistant Director (IECD) is the chief executive officer of the Institute and is responsible to the Director for the effective functioning of the Institute.

The Assistant Director (IECD) is also responsible to the Director for the promotion and development of the Institute as a major resource in Early Childhood education, care and development.

Qualifications: Applicants should have distinguished records in tertiary education, preferably including an involvement with Early Childhood education, care and development and should possess excellent academic qualifications. Evidence of outstanding executive and organisational ability is essential.

It is hoped that the appointee will take up duties by mid-1984.

The College reserves the right to appoint by invitation.

Salary: $A46,199 p.a.

Closing Date: Friday, 2 December, 1983.

Full details concerning the position, conditions of employment, information about the College and method of application may be obtained from:

Mr. N. A. Smith,
Chairman of Council,
Melbourne College of Advanced Education,
Box Number 374,
Post Office, Carlton South, Vic. 3053.
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WRITER CO-OPERATIVES – Do you exist? If so, where are you? R. Bailey, 3 Roxburgh Mill, Kelso, Scotland.

LISTINGS

FRI 21 OCTOBER

LONDON Sari Squad Meeting 7pm County Hall SE1. Open to all Asian women and supporters of Afia Begun's fight against deportation. **Details: Sharmila Kumari 01-274 3951 Sari Squad, BCM Box 88 London, WC1N 3XX.**

LONDON East London Troops Out Benefit 'Irish Night' with Irish dancers, ceilidh band. £1.50/£1 unwaged. 8pm Chats Palace, 42-44 Brooksby's Walk, E9. **01-986 6714.**

SAT 22 OCTOBER

LONDON Benefit Concert for CND 7.30pm St Martin-in-the Fields. Adm £2.50/£1.50 unwaged at door from 6.45pm or **CND Shop, 227 Seven Sisters Rd, N4 01-263 5673 or London CND 6 Endsleigh St, WC1.**

BIRMINGHAM 'Is Marx Dead?' Day School 10am-5pm 'Winterbourne', Edgbaston Park Rd. Spkrs incl Rodney Hilton, Richard Hyman. **Details and enrolment: Extramural Dept. University of Birmingham 021-472 1301, Ext 2186.**

SWANSEA AGM of LLAFUR (Soc. for Study of Welsh Labour History). Spkrs incl Ieuan Gwynedd Jones. 10.30am South Wales Miners' Library.

LONDON Re-launch of Task Force as 'Pensioners Link' one-day conf at Friends House, Euston Road, NW1. **Details: Task Force, 17 Balfe St, N1 01-278 5501.**

LONDON 'No cruise, no Trident, Freeze the arms race. Nuclear weapons are no defence'. CND demo to coincide with worldwide week of actions by the peace movement. Assemble Victoria Embankment (between Embankment & Blackfriars tubes) 11am. Transport arranged from every part of UK. **Contact your local CND or peace group for details or national CND 01-263 0977.**

LONDON 'All of my life is my own responsibility' workshop using powerful Channel Clearing and Organ Tuning (techniques with voice, music and energy points). **Details: Zbynek Zahalka, 01-701 7005.**

HATFIELD *'Teaching Literature Today'* day conf. for English Literature teachers. Spkr Peter Widdowson 'Hardy and History' plus workshops. 10am-5pm Hatfield Polytechnic, College Lane, Hatfield, Herts. **Details registration £5, Hatfield 68100, Ext 225 or 01-341 2055.**

TUES 25 OCTOBER

LONDON *'Afia Begum will stay – no more* deportations!' Rally at House of Commons 5.30pm. Sponsored by more than 50 MPs. Spkrs from Sari Squad, Workers Against Racism and MP. **Details Sari Squad 01-274 3951.**

LONDON 'Imperialist Hands off Lebanon' Public Forum 7.30pm Rm 25, Lambeth Town Hall. Spkrs incl: Lebanese National Movement. **Org: S. London Fight Racism, Fight Imperialism BM Box 4835, WC1N 3XX.**

LONDON 'William Morris and the Socialist Tradition' – start of 8-wk course. 7-9pm Hammersmith and Fulham AE, Addison Centre, Addison Gdns, W14. Fee £6.40/20p per session unwaged. **Details: Nancy Murray, Course Tutor 01-609 5740 John Kay, William Morris Society 01-622 8860 (eves). Org. William Morris Soc and WEA in Hammersmith.**

WAKEFIELD *24-hr Vigil of Prayer for World* Peace. 12noon-12-noon in Cathedral. **Details: Clive Barrett, Wakefield 376835.**

WED 26 OCTOBER

LONDON 'The UN and International Law in 21st Century' – 2nd in series 'Global 2000' 6.30pm (Entrance donation 50p) St James's, Piccadilly. **Details: Dunamis, 197 Piccadilly, W1. 01-437 6851.**

LONDON First Public Meeting of 'Republic', new organisation to promote peaceful, lawful, democratic republicanism in UK and elsewhere. 7pm Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. **Details: 01-554 8848.**

THURS 27 OCTOBER

LONDON 'Krishnar in Indian musical tradition' illustrated lecture by Dr D. R. Widdess. 6pm Lecture Theatre, School of Oriental and African Studies, Malet St, WC1. **01-637 2388.**

LONDON Campaign for a Scottish Assembly meeting to discuss formation of London branch. 8pm Conf Rm 2nd Floor Norman Shaw North Bld, Victoria Embankment. **Details: Prof Christopher Harvie, 84 Englefield Rd, N1 01-226 7433.**

LONDON The Role of the House of Commons Select Committee. Seminar and discn led by Christopher Price, former Chairman, Select Comm on Education, Science and Arts 5.30-7pm Rm 3B18, King's College, Strand, WC2. **Org Politics, Eduction and Society Seminar Group 01-835 5454, Ext 2325.**

FORTHCOMING

29 OCT LONDON 'Non-nuclear Defence Strategy, Fabian Soc. Seminar. Spkr: Robin Cook MP. 10.30am-5pm Camden Town Hall. £2/£3 non-membs. **Details: 01-222 8877.**

29 OCT OXFORD AGM Socialist Countryside Group. Talk: 'A Socialist Countryside' by Chris Hall (Editor of 'The Countryman') 2.15pm followed by discn. 446 Princes St. (corner of Cowley Rd).**Details: Socialist Countryside Group, 9 Poland St, London W1. 01-439 3749.**

28-29 OCT LONDON National Conf. to mark VSO 25th Anniversary. Spkrs incl Jonathan Dimbleby, Archbishop Trevor Huddleston, Frank Judd at Commonwealth Institute. **Details: Dave Burnap, VSO, 9 Belgrave Sq, SW1. 01-235 5191.**

29 OCT LONDON 'Cultural Politics and Visual Representation' one-day conf. at Polytechnic of Central London. Spkrs, workshops, discn. on representation of sexuality; feminist art practice, etc. Creche, disabled access. £6/£3 unwaged in advance from **Deborah Cherry, History of Art Dept. University of Manchester, M12 9PL.**

29 OCT OXFORD 'Artful Theology: a Feminist Recreation of Christian Tradition' at Old Fire Station, George St. Women only. 10am onwards. Spkrs incl Sara Maitland, Julia Brosnan, Anne Parsons. Dscn, exhibition, events, bkstall, creche on demand. Wheelchair access and toilets. Disabled sisters please contact in advance. £3/£2 unwaged. **Details: Anne Parsons, 29 Hurst St, Oxford OX4 1HA Patricia Duncker 0865 727426.**

30 OCT GLASGOW Peace Concert in support of CND conducted by Sir Charles Groves, musicians from Scotland's orchestras. 8pm Kelvin Hall. **Tickets £2/£1 unwaged from Kelvin Hall, Candleriggs Ticket Centre and Scottish CND, 420 Sauchiehall St.**

31 OCT RICHMOND 'The Labour Party Yesterday and Today'. Spkr Dr Victor Treadwell of Ruskin College. 8pm 57 Church Rd. **Org Richmond and Barnes Labour Party 01-878 5699.**

1 NOV LONDON 'What is Peace Education' – open meeting. 7.30pm St Vedast's Church Hall, Foster Lane, EC2. **Details: Jackie Robinson, Peace Education Project, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1. 01-387 5501.**

1 NOV LONDON 'British democracy: Past, Present, Future', commemorating the Putney Debates between Cromwell's forces and the Levellers. Held on same day and same place St Mary's Church, Putney Bridge. **Adm by ticket only. S.a.e Putney Labour Party, 35 Felsham Rd, SW15.**

1 NOV CLEVELAND Nuclear Waste Disposal – Public Debate 6pm Forum Theatre, Billingham. Chair: Dr David Bellamy. Refreshments. **Details Peter Smith 0642 553858/Frank Cook MP 01-219 4006.**

3 NOV LONDON 'Scotland' – 3rd in series 'The Marxist Tradition in Britain. Spkr Jach Ashton. 7.30-9.30pm Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, EC1.

3 NOV LONDON 'Revolution by Consent' Lecture: Peter Newsam, Chairman of Commission for Racial Equality, 7pm North Westminster Community School, Penfold St, NW1. **Tickets free from Lecture Secretary 01-262 8000, Ext 310.**

3 NOV LONDON 'Breaking Down the Barriers – an integrated Approach to Education for Adults'. Inaugural Conf. The Open College of South London. **Details: Marie Godfrey, Manor House, 58 Clapham Common Northside, SW4. 01-228 2015.**

3 NOV LONDON 'The poet is dead' tribute to Michael Smith 1954-83. 7pm Lambeth Town Hall, Brixton Hill, SW2. Tickets £2 (refreshments available) from **CFL, 165 Railton Road, SE24 01-737 2074.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad. under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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PROFESSIONAL MAN, 32, interests music, travel, current affairs, seeks girl friend. I am Indian, but any nationality or colour. Children no objection. London/anywhere. Box 6665.

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SHAW SOCIETY. Three short plays by Donald Sutherland. Friday 28 October, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square WC1. Coffee 6.30pm. Plays commence 7pm.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Sunday 23 Oct. 8 p.m. Informal Q/A Meeting 'Reincarnation & Karma'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: The 1983 Stamp Memorial Lecture entitled: 'Universities and Industry: Creative Tension or Cosy Cohesion' will be given by Sir Frederick Dainton, FRS (The Chancellor of Sheffield University) at 6 p.m. on Monday, 31 October 1983 in the Beveridge Hall at the University of London. Senate House, Malet Street, London WC1E 7HU. The Chair will be taken by Sir Peter Swinnerton-Dyer, FRS. Admission free, without ticket.

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